

DAVID LIVINGSTONE

From the painting by Frederick Havell in the National Portrait Gallery, London

PEEPS AT GREAT EXPLORERS

DAVID LIVINGSTONE

BY

G. E. MITTON

AUTHOR OF
"COLUMBUS" AND "CAPTAIN COOK,"
IN THE SAME SERIES

WITH TWELVE FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS,
FOUR OF THEM IN COLOUR

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1929

Printed in Great Britain

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AGENTS

America THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
60 Fifth Avenue, NEW YORK
Australasia . . OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
205 Flinders Lane, MELBOURNE
Canada THE MACMILLAN COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD.
St. Martin's House, 70 Bond Street, TORONTO 2
India MACMILLAN AND COMPANY, LTD.
276 Hornby Road, BOMBAY
294 Bow Bazar Street, CALCUTTA
North Beach Road, MADRAS

NOTE

Never was there a time when the exploration of the earth's surface appealed more strongly to the hearts and minds of men than it does now. The development of the aeroplane, with all its possibilities of penetration into regions inaccessible before, has created enthusiasm only comparable with the enthusiasm which burst forth in the Elizabethan age and sent men sailing into the unknown.

It is futile to say that the main outlines of all the countries of the world have been charted; there are still regions awaiting the magic touch of the discoverer, some holding remains of ancient civilizations which yield nothing in interest to those heretofore laid bare.

It must be remembered that it is only in our day man has reached the North and South Poles, and that first flights have been made over deserts hitherto untraversed and mountain ranges which have held their sombre secrets since the world began.

Could the mingled romance and heroism of travel ever soar higher than in the story of Scott's march to the South Pole, and his tragic return journey? In the story of every true explorer there is much to enlighten the mind and touch the heart in varying degree. In this series it is hoped to capture something of this enlightenment and pathos in the life-stories of those men who, imbued with the passion of discovery, have risked everything to fill in the map of the world.

The stories must be confined to those who are no longer among us, but will be brought up to the very date of yesterday in the case of Doughty, Scott, Peary, and many another. To tell such wondrous tales as they should be told, we must write of the men who first reached India and laid open the interior of the continent of Asia and the great Empire of China to wondering Western eyes; of those who revealed the linked mass of the Americas, where only a vast ocean scattered with islands had been supposed to exist; of the sailors who visited the four quarters of the globe, including the Polar regions; and of those who penetrated into the unknown interior of Africa.

In earlier days even the larger outlines were missing from our maps; to-day it is the more detailed work that is carried on, yet both appeal to everyone who has a spirit beyond the armchair and imagination to carry him on wings to the uttermost parts of the earth.

PREFACE

DR. LIVINGSTONE was the author of three great books dealing with his own pioneer work in Africa. The first, published in 1857, is *Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa*; the second, published in 1865, is *The Narrative of an Expedition to the Zambesi and its Tributaries*; the third, published in 1874, in two volumes, is *The Last Journals of David Livingstone in Central Africa*.

The titles of the first two are misleading, for the *Travels* gives very little indeed about what we now call South Africa—merely a cursory sketch of his arrival and passing through, and some of his short early excursions in the Kalahari desert region—and is mainly occupied with his wonderful journey, almost from end to end of the Zambezi. But the upper part was not then known to be the Zambezi.

The second book does certainly include a return journey from the east coast to the centre of Africa, up the lower course of the Zambezi, but is nearly all filled with his wanderings about and around Lake Nyasa, and his exploration of the River Shiré, which is a tributary of the Zambezi, and also by two journeys along the Rovuma, which has no connection with it.

The third was edited from the journals he wrote, and entrusted to Henry Stanley, and from the continuation, saved by his faithful servants after his death. All quotations in this book in the first person, and not otherwise noted, are from these three books.

This book deals with Dr. Livingstone as an explorer, and not as a missionary, therefore that side of the work is emphasized, and much of his missionary work has had to be omitted.

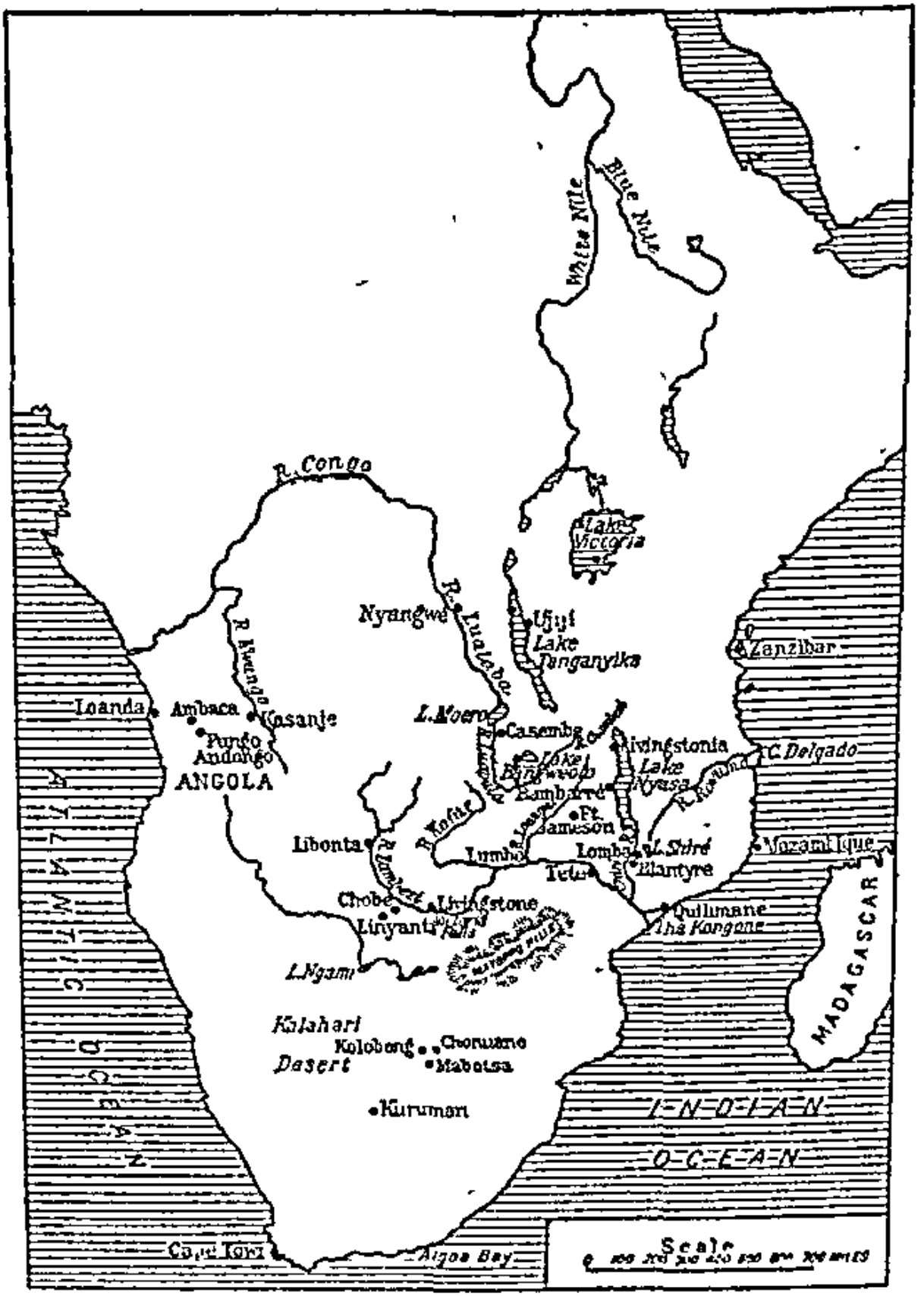
CONTENTS

CHAPTER		
I.	THE DRIVING FORCE	
II.	LIVINGSTONE AND THE LION	7
III.	FIRST SIGHT OF THE ZAMBEZI	13
IV.	THE FIRST GREAT JOURNEY	18
V.	THE TERRIBLE STRETCH TO THE WEST COAST	27
VI.	NOW TO THE EAST	32
VII.	ACHIEVEMENT	38
VIII.	THE FIRST BOOK	43
IX.	MISSIONS FOR EAST AFRICA	48
X.	NYASALAND	56
XI.	WANDERINGS WESTWARD	62
XII.	LAKE BANGWEOLO AND THE INTERIOR	68
XIII.	"DR. LIVINGSTONE, I PRESUME?"	73
XIV.	THE LAST LONG JOURNEY	80

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

		FACING PAGE
*DAVID LIVINGSTONE. *From the painting by Frederick Havill*		*Frontispiece*
*LIVINGSTONE AND THE LION		10
LIVINGSTONE'S BIRTHPLACE AT BLANTYRE		15
THE DISCOVERY OF LAKE NGAMI		22
ATTACKED BY BUFFALOES		31
LIVINGSTONE AT WORK ON HIS JOURNAL		38
*THE ARAB SLAVE TRADERS MEET LIVINGSTONE		59
LIVINGSTONE AND STANLEY AT THE MOUTH OF THE RUIZI		63
"DR. LIVINGSTONE, I PRESUME?"		70
*THE LAST JOURNEY		74
A STORMY CROSSING		79
THE DEATH OF LIVINGSTONE		86

* These are in colour, the rest in black and white.



SKETCH-MAP TO ILLUSTRATE LIVINGSTONE'S TRAVELS IN AFRICA.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE

CHAPTER I

THE DRIVING FORCE

THERE is, in all born explorers, a force which drives them forward, ever forward. It is found in the most unlikely men, and among them all none could have been considered more unlikely than David Livingstone. He was born in poor circumstances and narrow surroundings. It would not have been surprising if he had remained a factory drudge, never going twenty miles from his home all his life. It is true that the spirit of devout Christianity is highly developed in Scotland, and, in his day, missionary enterprise was drawing to itself all sorts of young men from the north. Yet even as a missionary the scene of his labours might have remained narrow, though set in a far country. Many excellent men who went out to the mission field, and many who still go, are content to remain in one sphere all the time, and never even wish to look beyond. But David had an exceptional nature.

In all large undertakings there are few who rise to the top, few who have the organizing genius to take the widest views of development and enterprise, compared with the many who do good work in the lower grooves marked out for them. The trouble with David Livingstone was that, having become a missionary, he shot at once to the top. He took views so broad, and had ideas of an organization so vastly beyond what the directors of the Society at home had ever dreamed of, that he was

misunderstood and checked, and even censured. The directing body can hardly be blamed. It needs vision to recognize a truly great man, one whose astounding ideas are founded on a solid basis, and it needs something more than that to compel others, acting in concert to allow him scope.

When Livingstone, going out as a simple missionary under orders, only waited to learn something of a useful native language before taking the whole of South Central Africa as his province, it was certainly startling. His cry was forward, ever forward. He broke new ground; he cried like a prophet in the wilderness that paths should be opened through the wild and unknown places, that ways for trade should be made broad and safe, and that only so could the dark abysses of the slave-trade be plumbed. To enlighten the ignorant and ever-warring natives was the way to induce them to give up their cruelty to one another and rid themselves of this incubus of the slave-trade; that was the doctrine he preached, and he never wavered from it.

Miss Florence Nightingale called Livingstone the St. John the Baptist for Africa, but this was after his death; and in his lifetime, before he had proved his exceptional genius for discovery and pioneer work, it was not unnatural that the Society which had sent him out to Africa should feel qualms about his amazing activities and the results they would have. The wonder is they allowed him as much rope as they did; they must have been far-sighted men to do so.

It was only many years later, as a result of his disregard of self, his vital energy, and that burning urge to go forward, that the results were seen. Then other men poured forth to complete the work he had begun; then public opinion was aroused against the slave-trade, so that real forcible measures were taken for its suppression;

then Africa began to throb with life, and then this gigantic figure was seen in its true magnitude.

The circumstances of Livingstone's early life were, as has been said, narrow. His father's people came from the Isle of Ulva, near Staffa, and not so far from the Island of Iona, where St. Columba, the great apostle of earlier days, planted his seat from which to do pioneer work in Scotia.

David's grandfather moved to Blantyre, not far from Glasgow, and took up work in the Blantyre cotton mills. He had several sons, among which David's father, Neil, became a tea-pedlar, going up and down the country selling the precious stuff, then far more costly than it is now. He married Agnes Hunter in 1810, and at first they had their home in Glasgow; but, before the birth of any of their children, they went back to Blantyre, and there, as the years passed on, they became the parents of a large family, five sons and two daughters, but two of the sons died as babies. David was the second son and second child, coming between his brother John and sister Janet; while Charles and Agnes were younger. The one of the family with whom he had most to do in after life was Charles, who went out to him in Africa, and shared much of his travel.

David was born 19 March, 1813. His mother and father were both pious, hard-working people, of a piety and frugality almost undiscoverable anywhere in these more spacious and extravagant days. The children were brought up in a strict school, for, though the affection of their parents was strong and lasting, it did not display itself in a multitude of words or caresses. Instant acceptance of whatever was set before them, and unquestioning obedience, was the rule of the household, and under this fine discipline fine characters were developed. In after life David said if he had to begin

again, and had the choice, he should choose no other upbringing.

At the age of ten he became a "piecer" in the cotton factory, for there were no laws against the employment of young children then. With the first money he earned he bought Ruddiman's *Rudiments of Latin*, and set himself to study it to such purpose that by sixteen he knew Virgil, Horace, and many other classical authors quite well. Though he had to be in the factory by six in the morning, and worked until eight at night, with some intervals, he carried out his own education meantime. He used to place the book he was studying on the spinning jenny, and read sentences as he passed and returned. Like many another great man, he burst through what would have seemed insuperable obstacles on his way to knowledge. In these days any clever child can pass with ease through all stages of education, at no cost whatever to his parents, and the way is smoothed at every step; it is probably better for the physical development, but it is doubtful if the knowledge so acquired sinks as deep as that so hardly earned. David no doubt suffered all his life from the hardships and overstrain of toil in early youth. He did not let this stop him in his indomitable purpose, but his body hampered him many times, and he had to endure much more pain than if, during the time of his ripening boyhood, he had been better nourished, and not endured too hard a strain of combined mental and physical work in addition to the strain of growth.

On his brief holidays he went far and wide over the country and collected all the plants he could find, and made himself acquainted with them; he also got a small hammer and tapped away at stones in the quarry, in an age long before such action was generally understood; Hugh Miller, his great countryman, who was to teach

even the uninstructed that there may be "sermons in stones," was eleven years old at the time David was born, while Professor Lyell's *Principles of Geology*, which popularized such knowledge, was not published until 1830.

At that time almost every exceptionally clever Scots boy inspired in his Mother's heart the ambition of claiming a Minister as a son, but David, with the roving spirit already working like yeast within him, from the first wanted to be a missionary.

Tea at that time was mostly imported from China, and owing to his Father's connection with the tea trade, David first turned his eyes to China as a field for missionary enterprise. He was about twenty-one when a Mr. Gutzlaff made a powerful appeal for missionaries to go to China, and this fixed his resolution. He resolved to fit himself for the service, without drawing on his Father for assistance, and further, he resolved to become a doctor, and so carry with him healing for the bodies as well as the minds of the heathen. Many a young Scotsman has earned, in the fields or elsewhere, the necessary means to carry him through the winter sessions of college. It was a common custom among such lads at that time to take with them a supply of oat or barley meal to last them through the winter. But fees and lodgings had to be paid for as well as food, and David's determination to take the two courses of Theology and Medicine contemporaneously doubled his fees. He had reached the age of twenty-three before he had saved enough to enter on these courses. He had to pay about £12 in fees altogether. He joined the classes at Anderson's College for Greek and Medicine, and studied Theology under the Rev. Dr. Wardlaw, who trained students for the Independent churches, for David was wide-minded and wished to be

tied to no special branch of the Church. He attended Chemistry under Dr. Thomas Graham, whose assistant, James Young, purified petroleum into paraffin, and so made it possible for use in houses.

During his second session in Glasgow (1837-38) David applied to the London Missionary Society to be sent out to the mission field. This Society was undenominational, and employed missionaries from different Churches so long as they preached the Gospel. David was provisionally accepted, and went up to London in the autumn of 1838 to be personally interviewed. At this date only odd bits of unconnected railway were laid. The year before, the first part of the London and Birmingham Railway had been opened, and in May of that year the Manchester and Bolton Railway was opened. David Livingstone went and came back by steamer. His hopes in regard to China were dashed by the Opium War, and at first there was some idea of sending him to the West Indies.

He had been admitted a Licentiate of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, and after being accepted by the L.M.S. he was given some special training in preaching and theology at Chipping Ongar.

He was twenty-nine when he embarked for Africa in 1840, having painstakingly equipped himself in all necessary branches of learning. Little did he think that he was destined to be the pioneer in opening up that vast continent to the civilized world!

Neil Livingstone had dropped the final "e" of his name, and for the first part of his life the son naturally spelt his name Livingston also, but later on he reverted to the old form, Livingstonè, and as this is the spelling by which his name is known all over the world, it is used throughout this book to avoid confusion.

Professor G. Wilson, one of his friends, Professor of

Technology in the University of Edinburgh, writing in 1857, says to him: "In all your long and weary journeys may the *Living* half of your title outweigh the other; till after long and blessed labours the white *Stone* is given you in the happy land."

CHAPTER II

LIVINGSTONE AND THE LION

When Dr. Livingstone landed in South Africa at the end of July, 1841, the missionary settlement farthest inland was Kuruman in Bechuanaland, some 700 miles north and slightly east of Cape Town. This was in charge of Dr. Moffat, a pioneer missionary, whose name is known all over the world. He had been at Kuruman sixteen years already. There has recently been established a diocese under a Bishop of Kimberley and Kuruman. Livingstone travelled inland from Algoa Bay, as that was the nearest landing-place to the mission field, and his observant eye gathered in a vast store of impressions of this strange new land as he passed through it by the slow method of ox-waggons. "I like travelling very much indeed," so speaks the man who was destined to be one of the world's most famous travellers, after this first taste of the real thing.

Dr. Moffat was absent on leave in England when Livingstone arrived at Kuruman. Only two months later this ardent explorer was writing to the headquarters of the L.M.S. in England, "the policy of the Society ought to be of expansion." The bent for exploration was in him so strong that nothing could subdue it, not even the strangeness of the situation, his rawness at the work, or the need for learning the difficult tongues of the native

tribes not yet reduced to writing; all these are set aside as he cries, "Expand, expand!"

Far out of reach as he was, little authority was exercised over him, and he had no precise orders as to what he was to do, so he early planned a journey northward, giving as his reason that the population about Kuruman was scanty, and well provided for as far as their spiritual needs went, and that away north there awaited teeming tribes who had not yet received the message of salvation. This was the reason given, but unknown even to himself, the flame of his devotion was lit by his constant impulse to move forward into unknown lands, an instinct born in him as surely as ever the need to express himself in music is born in the true composer, or the desire to set down his ideas on paper within the real author. Livingstone's missionary zeal was genuine, and ran parallel with his exploring zeal; they reinforced and strengthened each other, never at any time did his missionary ardour sink beneath his instinct to discover; he never consented to become merely an explorer.

With a brother missionary he made a tour north of Kuruman, and returned, having done 700 miles; he came back strongly in favour of planting another station 250 miles farther out, and was earnest on the subject of using native converts as teachers among their own people far more generally than had yet been done. Early in the following year he was off again, his principal object this time being to live among the natives of Bechuanaland so that he could acquire their difficult language, Sichuana, more perfectly.

Kuruman is in Bechuanaland, a vast stretch of territory including the terrible Kalahari desert, which Livingstone was to know so well. Even on these preliminary journeys he had a taste of it. He came

among the tribe known as the Bakwain, and heard from them of the terror they had suffered from the inroads of the great marauding chief Mosilikatse, head of a section of the Matabele (Zulus), who had, however, been driven away for the time by the Dutch Boers.

The Boers, who at that time regularly kept slaves, had come northward, advancing before the English, and settled themselves in the Transvaal, which bounded this particular mission field on the east. They hated the British, who had tried to release their slaves, and they dreaded their civilizing influence on the native tribes.

In this journey he came into contact with the chief of the Bamangwato, Sekomi, whom he was to know well later. Poor Sekomi had self-knowledge, and asked Livingstone to give him medicine to change his heart, which "is proud and angry, angry always."

He returned to Kuruman in June, 1842. As there were no definite instructions from the Society as to what he was to do, he remained there to help the older missionary, taking up whatever came to hand: preaching, doctoring, building, and making short excursions round to the neighbouring tribes. In February, 1843, he went north again, filled with zeal to reach and convert the great disturber of the peace, Mosilikatse, chief of the Matabele. But when he got as far as the Bakwain again, travelling by ox-waggon and on foot as before, he came in contact with their chief, Sechele, whom he had not visited before, though he had been within a comparatively short distance. Sechele was angry at this breach of courtesy, but Livingstone made his peace by prescribing for his child, who was ill, and curing it. After this Sechele was his friend for life.

He visited the Bakalahari tribe, but finding that the journey was going to lead him far beyond the range he

had intended, he went back to Kuruman. Here at last he found a letter from the Directors of the L.M.S., authorizing him to establish a mission farther out beyond Kuruman. He had written to them very frankly that in his opinion there was far too much clustering around Cape Colony on the part of the missionaries, and that what was needed was to go farther and strike deeper into the evils of heathendom. The Society must have been astonished at such candid criticism from such a very new recruit; but they agreed to the extent of allowing him to establish a new station. He therefore set out again in August, 1843, for the country of the Bakhatla, and with him this time went two big-game hunters, Mr. Pringle and Captain Steele (later General Sir Thomas) of the Coldstream Guards. It was on this journey he first noticed the terrible tsetse fly, which formed such an insuperable barrier to advance with any sort of transport in certain directions. Wild game was untouched by it, but horses and oxen were killed in dozens by the mere bites of the insects.

The Bakhatla were not in a very good situation, and, like most of the uncivilized people, thought nothing of moving to a better site, so at the suggestion of Livingstone, they fixed themselves in a valley below a mountain range called Mabotsa, and here he founded his first independent station. But they had not been long there before they found the neighbourhood was full of lions.

The story of Livingstone and the lion is known to a great many people, who know nothing else about him. It exercises an unfailing attraction for children. At any rate it was an adventure which left its mark upon him so deeply that even after his death it served for identification.

The lions became so bold that they sprang into the cattle-pens by night and carried off the beasts, and even

FIGURE 1.1 The Big Bang

attacked the herdmen in daylight. The Bakhatla were not very brave, and to encourage them to rid themselves of the enemy, Livingstone went with them the next time news was brought that the herdmen had been attacked. The lions were discovered on a small hill, and the natives, armed with spears, surrounded them after their fashion, gradually closing in on them. As they drew nearer some of the lions broke through. Livingstone was with the native schoolmaster, Mebalwe, and coming on one of these sitting on a piece of rock, he fired both barrels of his gun at it from about thirty yards' distance. The people shouted, "He is hit, he is hit!" But Livingstone, calling out to them to wait, began ramming the bullets into his barrel:

"I heard a shout. Starting, and looking half-round, I saw the lion just in the act of springing upon me. I was upon a little height: he caught my shoulder as he sprang, and we both came to the ground below together. Growling horribly, close to my ear, he shook me as a terrier dog does a rat. The shock produced a stupor, similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first shake of the cat. It caused a sort of dreaminess, in which there was no sense of pain nor feeling of terror, though quite conscious of all that was happening. It was like what patients partly under the influence of chloroform describe, who see all the operation but feel not the knife. . . . Turning round to relieve myself of the weight, as he had one paw on the back of my head, I saw his eyes directed to Mebalwe (who also had a gun), who was trying to shoot him at a distance of ten or fifteen yards. His gun, a flint one, missed fire in both barrels; the lion immediately left me, and attacking Mebalwe, bit his thigh. Another man, whose life I had saved before, after he had been tossed by a buffalo, attempted to spear the lion while he was biting Mebalwe. He left Mebalwe, and caught this man by the shoulder, but at that moment the bullets he had received took effect, and he fell down dead. . . . Besides scrunching the bone into splinters, he left eleven teeth wounds on the upper part of my arm."

He suffered from this wound all his life, as, thoug the bone joined, it formed a false joint, which made very hard for him to raise the arm; luckily it was th left arm. The wounds of the two men who had s gallantly come forward to the rescue proved slight.

There were a dozen considerable villages roun Mabotsa, so Livingstone was kept very busy, but ye when the Moffats came back from England, he foun time to go to see them, and became engaged to thei eldest daughter, Mary. He could hardly have chose a better wife, or one more suited by both temperamen and training for the hardship and separation a missionary' wife must face. In September, 1844, he was buildin his own house in view of his marriage. At this time and for long afterwards, his salary was £100 a year, an out of that he paid for the ox-waggon hire for hi journeys.

Unfortunately, the missionary who had come north with him did not share his views on certain matters, an accused him of acting unfairly. Livingstone, whos high mind could not brook this sort of thing, at once resolved, sooner than have any scandal or bickering before the native converts, to leave the house he had built, and the garden he had laid out, and with his young bride to travel still farther afield and begin again. His mind turned to Sechele of the Bakwains, who had earnestly desired him to come and live there, so he moved on to Chonuane, forty miles from Mabotsa.

He was entirely without money to build a new house, for, though he did most of it himself, materials had to be paid for. For the first years of their married life such wretched poverty had to be borne that the young couple made coffee from an infusion of ground corn, and poor Mrs. Livingstone got so thin that people exclaimed out loud on seeing her.

Sechele was quite willing to be converted, but found a difficulty in renouncing his superfluous wives as a condition. However, he was most friendly and helpful.

Twice during his time at Chonuane Livingstone journeyed eastward into the country of the Boers. The second time he took his wife and their infant son Robert, so that, according to the custom of the country, Mrs. Livingstone became known as Ma-Robert! The Dutch showed themselves very unfriendly, and he found nothing was to be done in that direction, as they held the native tribes in strict bondage.

Meantime, the usual life of a missionary in an out-station as a jack-of-all-trades went on. "Building, gardening, cobbling, doctoring, gun-mending, farriering, waggon-mending, preaching, schooling, lecturing on physics, besides a Chair of Divinity to a class of three, fill up my time."

CHAPTER III

FIRST SIGHT OF THE ZAMBEZI

ALWAYS, throughout his work and life, ran a strong sense of what lay beyond the known territory, and the keynote is struck by the sentence at the end of one of his letters: "Who will penetrate through Africa?"

Livingstone continued but a short time at Chonuane; the want of rain was persistent, the watercourses dried up, famine followed, and migration became a necessity. Thus, after a while, he and his wife, with the whole tribe, moved on forty miles farther, to the banks of the River Kolobeng, and there he started to build a third house.

Livingstone made short missionary journeys this way and that, and by June, 1849, was contemplating a

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Livingstone made short missionary journeys this way and that, and by June, 1849, was contemplating a

longer one. His idea was to find Lake Ngami, which had often been spoken of by the natives. By this time he had a son and daughter. Mr. Oswell, a big-game hunter, who was in the country at the time, suggested going with him, and undertook to pay all expenses of convoy, a matter of great moment to Livingstone. He brought with him a Mr. Murray, and thus reinforced, the expedition started. The chief Sekomi, whose domain lay between them and the lake, tried to hinder them, because he wished to retain his monopoly of the trade in ivory coming from the north, but they got past him at last.

They had to cross the Kalahari desert, which Livingstone describes as by no means destitute of vegetable growth. A quantity of grass, creeping plants which develop tuberous roots, and a certain amount of scrub grow everywhere. A hot wind blows over this desert at certain times of the year, so dry that a bunch of ostrich feathers held up in it crackles with electricity if touched, and even the skin kaross of a native emitted sparks when stroked.

It took them two months to reach Lake Ngami, which is so shallow and swampy that at certain seasons it is hardly to be found. Yet all the hardships did not deter the adventurous spirit of Livingstone—they only whetted it. To the man who was to walk alone from one side of Africa to the other this was but a trial trip. He had heard of the great Sebituane, head of the Makololo, 200 miles beyond Ngami, and he was most anxious to visit him. When he found that this could not be accomplished on this journey, he went back again to Kolobeng, and started once more, in April, 1850, better equipped, taking his wife and children.

Meantime, an account of his discovery of the lake and of the splendid River Zouga, which ran out from Ngami,



Aitchgate

LIVINGSTONE'S BIRTHPLACE AT BLANTYRE. *Page 3*

A commemorative tablet may be seen on the side wall

had reached England, and the Royal Geographical Society voted him twenty-five guineas "from the Queen." It does not sound very munificent, but doubtless, to a man whose total salary was £100 a year, it was very acceptable.

Sechele himself accompanied the party, also the devoted Mebalwe, and twenty Bakwains. Though the waggons could only get along at a pace of two and a half miles an hour, the journey was accomplished, and soon the little Livingstones, of whom there were now three, a son, Thomas, having been added to the family, were paddling in the brackish waters of Ngami, quite unconscious that they were the first white children ever to do so.

At last they reached the great chief whose dream it had always been to have intercourse with a white man. Sebituane was a really great man, great in power and extent of his dominion and great in soul. He was so great that he cared nothing for his dignity, but would converse or take food with a herd as with a headman.

He was only forty-five years of age, and had come from hundreds of miles farther south. He had not been born to the rank of chief, but had stood out by reason of his courage and intelligence.

His tribe, the Makololo, were a branch of the Basuto, and about fifteeen years earlier had advanced from the south and had overcome the Barotse on the Zambezi, among whom they lived, and, like the Manchus in China, the ruling race, they imposed their language on the conquered people. The main settlement was on the Chobe, an affluent of the Zambezi, at Linyanti, and though this "foreign" rule only lasted from 1835-70, being wiped out even before Livingstone's own death, yet the language the Makololo brought with them remained

the language of the Barotse valley, as it is to this day. The Makololo themselves have utterly disappeared, though their name remains on the map in a settlement farther down the Zambezi.

Sebituane welcomed Livingstone ardently, but almost immediately was seized with inflammation of the lungs, and died after a fortnight's illness. The missionary had not dared to prescribe for him, lest, if death came in spite of it, it should be laid at his door.

This fine man was succeeded by his daughter, who, finding that her exalted position entailed her having as many husbands as a king had wives, resigned very quickly, and left the honour to her brother.

While staying as her guest, Livingstone made shorter journeys of exploration with Mr. Oswell, and came upon the main stream of the Zambezi. It was the first time he had seen this noble river, and he had to disguise his emotion at the sight for fear of seeming sentimental. For many years the Portuguese had been familiar with the delta and some of the mouths of the Zambezi on the east coast of Africa, but the rapids and falls, and especially the hostility of the Zulu tribes on the shores had prevented their penetrating inland.

The discovery concerning the river with which the explorer's name is most identified in the popular mind is that of the gigantic Falls of Victoria, so named by him, which exceed the Falls of Niagara in size. These are some way below the junction with the Chobe, and he did not see them until some years later.

But the discovery of the Zambezi so astonished him that he wrote to his brother Charles: "It was the first *river* I ever saw."

After some time the party returned home to Kolobeng, and on the way another son, called Oswell after the generous Mr. Oswell, was added to the family. Mrs.

First Sight of the Zambezi

Livingstone's health was giving way, and one of the children had fever three times in succession. It was obvious that the family would have to be sent to England. Meantime Livingstone's mind was obsessed with the idea that the Zambezi, *his* river, should form a great trade highway to the east coast, by which men of the interior would be able to sell their ivory and skins for a good price, and thus be released from the necessity of dealing only with the slave-traders. Neither devoted love for his wife, fatherly care for his children, the prospect of having to part from them indefinitely, or any other thing, could quench the ardour of his mind for the destruction of the infamous slave-trade.

There is a parallel so remarkable between this great man and another great man on the other side of the world whose life ran almost contemporaneously, that it is strange no one has yet remarked on it. Abraham Lincoln and David Livingstone resembled each other as if they had been brothers. This was not only, or not so much, in general appearance, as in the texture of their minds. Both rested their souls on sure faith, undimmed by any extremity; both reached forward to the one shining goal—the freedom of man from slavery by man. No pressure of outside opinion ever influenced either of them to turn aside from this object, though in other respects there was in both that humbleness of mind towards others' opinions which is so often and so oddly allied with indomitable character. Both of these men had a playful manner in dealing with their fellows, which won them more allegiance than even their sound quality. Both were quite independent of the reliance on bodily comforts or even necessities, for they were wholly masters of their bodies. These two men did more between them to abolish slavery from the world than any other two men in history. With an odd

similarity even in their names, they marched forward in opposite hemispheres to the same goal. Abraham Lincoln was born four years and a month before David Livingstone, and the hand of the assassin struck him down eight years and a month before David also reached the last great goal.

CHAPTER IV

THE FIRST GREAT JOURNEY

In April, 1852, Mrs. Livingstone and the four children sailed from the Cape on the way home.

There was much to do at the Cape; Livingstone had suffered from throat trouble which hindered his speaking, and he now had his uvula cut out to clear the passage. Also, though he was a geologist, botanist, and so forth, now that he had resolved that to be a pioneer in exploration he needed something he had not learned, and that was to take observations in order to plot out the course of rivers, and to determine the latitude and longitude of hitherto unrecorded places. Accordingly he went to the Astronomer Royal, Mr. MacLear (later Sir Thomas), and took lessons from him. In this connection it is interesting to know that, much later, when the Astronomer Royal had to deal with observations made by this temporary pupil, he wrote of him:

"I never knew a man who, knowing scarcely anything of the method of making geographical observations, or laying down positions, became so soon an adept that he could take the complete lunar observation and altitudes for time within fifteen minutes. . . ."

His observations of the course of the Zambezi Mr. MacLear considered "the finest specimens of geographical observation I ever met with."

The First Great Journey

Dr. Livingstone remained two months at the Cape, and had the pleasure of hearing from the L.M.S. that they approved what he was doing. By this time the idea of exploring the country from east to west across the centre had taken root in him. He resolved to go back to Linyanti, and start from there to the west coast, reaching, if possible, St. Paul de Loanda, held by the Portuguese. No white man had ever traversed this route before, but Arab slave traders came and went, and he thought, "Where the trader can go the missionary can go."

In his absence the Boers had raided his property at Kolobeng, gutted his house, carried off all his furniture and four waggons, torn to pieces and scattered wide all his books and precious papers, killed more than sixty of the Bakwain, including women and children, on whom they fired remorselessly, and, having burned all the crops, carried off the cattle and retired.

For all his gentleness of heart Livingstone was capable of righteous wrath, and this outrage he never forgot, any more than he could forget the cruelty of having been driven from his first house at Mabotsa by slander. He was furious, and expressed his wrath freely. Perhaps no character can be quite wholesome without the capacity for some such feeling, and even the occasional expression of it; certainly the generous-minded and courageous, among whom Livingstone was undoubtedly numbered, are usually those moved to quick indignation by injustice and wrong.

When he at length got near Linyanti on this journey he found the country flooded—it was in June, 1853—and he and his companions had to walk thigh-deep through swamps in order to get there. Many of the water plants and reeds had cutting edges like sword-grass, and they emerged, "raw and bloody, with our knees through our trousers."

The Makololo were now ruled by Sekeletu, brother of the last chieftainess, a youth of eighteen. He showed himself quite as well disposed to the white men as his father had been, and remained for the rest of his life a firm friend to the missionary-explorer.

"The whole population of Linyanti, numbering between six and seven thousand souls, turned out *en masse* to see the waggons in motion. They had never witnessed the phenomenon before, we having on the former occasion departed by night. Sekeletu received us in royal style, setting before us a great number of pots of boyalo, the beer of the country. These were brought by women, and each takes a good draught of the beer before she sets it down, to show there is no poison."

Before starting on the great journey he had planned Livingstone went a tour with the young chief up the Leeambye river through the Barotse valley, and this gave him some idea of what was before him.

He had suffered from fever more than once, but this did not deter him in the least; the great difficulty was to get men to accompany him on such an immense journey as that he had planned. It would have been shorter to go to Benguella on the coast, considerably south of Loanda, but this was a well-known line of route for the Mambari slave-dealers, and he disliked the idea of treading in their tracks.

Finally twenty-seven men were selected for the journey, among them two Makololo; the others, "Barotse, Batoka, Bashubia, and Ambonda." For this immense journey of about 1,600 miles he took only three muskets for his men, and a rifle and double-barrelled smooth-bore gun for himself. To avoid heavy loads they carried only a few pounds of biscuits, tea and sugar, with twenty pounds of coffee. A tin canister held some spare clothing to be used when civilized life

was again reached. Another tin was filled with medicines; for books there were the *Nautical Almanac*, Thomson's *Logarithms*, and a Bible. Sextant, artificial horizon, compass and thermometer were the scientific instruments. Twenty pounds of beads were taken for trading with the natives; a small gipsy tent was for the leader to sleep in; with a sheepskin mantle and a rug; but the most impressive and daring object was a magic lantern by means of which coloured Biblical slides could be shown.

They carried also the whole way four elephant tusks belonging to Sekeletu to prove to him the difference of coast and inland prices, and to show the advantage to him of having the country opened up by trade-routes.

The party were also to have a number of oxen, which in the end proved their salvation, both for placating the tribes through which they passed and for their own food; but these were to be picked up on the northern side of Sekeletu's dominion. Livingstone had first shown the tribes how to ride on ox-back, and he proposed to make the greater part of this journey in that fashion, when canoes could no longer be used for lack of waterways.

This expedition, memorable in the world's history, so slightly equipped and so simply set in motion, left Linyanti on 11 November, 1853.

They first made their way by canoe up the Chobe, which was infested with hippopotami.

On this journey no opportunity of public addresses was missed.

"I gave many public addresses to the people of Shesheke under the outspreading camel-thorn tree—it was pleasant to see the long lines of men, women, and children winding along from different quarters of the town. They often amounted to five or six hundred souls, and required an exertion of voice which

brought back the complaint for which I got the uvula excised at the Cape."

Mpololo, uncle of Sekeletu, was headman of the Barotse valley, and by his sanction forays were proceeding to the north. By reproof and argument, Livingstone brought him into a frame of mind to desire peace, and himself proceeded toward the fighting as peace-bringer. As they travelled, they found the orders of Sekeletu ensured them supplies, for the people came bringing them oxen, butter, milk, and meal. Livingstone says they were graceful in their manners, and, on giving an ox, would exclaim, "Here's a little bit of bread for you," in contrast to the Bechuanas, who, in giving a skinny goat, would pompously exclaim, "Behold an ox!"

The people were all thriving, and had abundance of food. At Naliele they left the canoes, and started to drive eight riding oxen and seven for slaughter. Not very far ahead was Libonta, the last village of the Makololo. After this they started off into unknown country among people who knew them not.

Though they had sent back Sekeletu's canoes, and were mainly dependent now on oxen for progress, they still had with them a few canoes, in one of which Livingstone travelled by preference so long as it was possible. The progress had to be very slow to match the oxen on the banks.

The most interesting episode of this part of the journey was encountering Manenko, the female chief of the Balonda, at a village still called by her name. As it would have been impolite to pass without a call, and as the chieftainess was inland, messengers were sent to her, and a delay of four days followed. Then a message came asking Livingstone to go to her. "After four days of rains and negotiations I declined going at all,"



THE DISCOVERY OF LAKE NGAMI *Page* 14

From Livingstone's Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa (John Murray).

he says, and he proceeded up the river to the small stream Makondo, which enters the Leeba from the east, and is twenty or thirty yards broad.

All this time he was assiduously taking observations, plotting out the course of the rivers, and giving the latitude and longitude of each place, notwithstanding the fact that the rains having now begun, the task was rendered very difficult by the heavily clouded skies. It distressed him greatly that he could not get a single observation for a whole fortnight.

On 6 January, 1854 (having left Linyanti 11 November the previous year), they reached the village of another female chief, said to be the mother of the absent Manenko. Her husband, Samoano, was dressed in a kilt of red and green baize, and carried an enormous spear. The two, sitting together on skins, received the Doctor with ceremony. Having got beyond the region where Sichuana was understood, even if not habitually talked, Livingstone had to make use of an interpreter, one of his men who understood enough of this dialect for the purpose.

Though afraid of the Makololo, who had a warlike reputation, the chieftainess was not unfriendly, but the main object of interest to her was Livingstone's hair, which she likened to the mane of a lion. She had never seen hair like it; the curly black wool which does for hair in her latitude being entirely different. She thought it must be a wig.

Then, with much effect, there arrived in a great hurry the chieftainess Manenko, who, finding she had been passed by, had left her dignity behind, and rushed on to catch up the white man, whom she would not have missed seeing for the world. She was a strapping woman of about twenty, covered with ornaments and smeared with red ochre; she was very much more undressed

than her escort, probably from "her peculiar ideas of elegance in dress," not uncommon also in this latter day. She brought with her her husband, Sambanza, and they listened awhile, and then Sambanza made a speech, glossing over their reasons for coming so abruptly.

When they resumed their journey, they found the people of the numerous little villages they passed on the route quite civil; they lifted the thatch roofs off their circular huts as one might lift a lid, and, propping them on posts, made a shelter for the strangers by night.

Shinte ruled over the Balonda people, and a formal reception was given to the newcomers. The chief, as usual, sat under a tree, with his warriors in a great circle round him. He sat on a leopard skin, and wore a check jacket and a kilt of scarlet baize, edged with green. A number of women, heavily draped in bright red baize, made a brilliant background behind what might be called the throne. This was the first time women had been allowed to appear at a public ceremonial of this kind. Speeches of goodwill were made through an interpreter, and then came wild music, punctuated by the deep-toned drums of Africa. When the more serious business was over, Livingstone asked the chief if he had ever seen a white man before. He replied "No," and like all the rest, was much interested in the newcomer's straight, light-coloured hair, "like a lion's mane."

The Mambari, the slave-dealing tribe, were very active in these villages, and children were kidnapped if they wandered only a short distance from their parents' huts. Livingstone suffered from a bad bout of fever, and when he tried to give a lantern exhibition could hardly manage it, so violent was his heart action, so loud the buzzing in his ears. He was forced to remain here for several days, and presented Shinte with an ox in return for hospitality.

The rains were intolerable; heavy showers at frequent intervals, and everything mildewed with damp; shoes mouldy, clothes rotted, surgical instruments rusted. In the end Shinte presented the Doctor with a conch shell, which he considered extremely valuable, for here, so far from the coast, they are a great rarity; for two of them a slave could be bought. On 26 January the party at last got away with a guide, Intermese, and so long as they were in Shinte's domains the villagers brought what food they had—fowls, manioc roots, eggs, and smoke-dried fishes. It was in this part of the journey that Livingstone found idols, usually hidden in dark recesses of the forests, or in little huts. Roughly cut wooden things they were, representing a distorted human head or a lion's head; sometimes they consisted only of a stick smeared with a horrible concoction.

It continued to rain and rain. Again and again, as Livingstone was about to take an observation, the clouds swept over the stars he had chosen; his little tent got rotten and thin, so that a fine spray of moisture, penetrating through, continually wetted him. The guide was unsatisfactory, lying without shame when it suited his purposes, and his men were dishonest—one of them stole a fowl, and, when convicted, was unashamed. The Makololo and the Bakwain were never dishonest with all their faults.

Beyond the boundary of Shinte's domains they passed from what is now Northern Rhodesia, in which they had travelled so far, into the present Portuguese territory of Angola. Here was a great plain, twenty miles broad, ankle deep in water.

On the 6th, after days of this sort of thing, they crossed a branch of the River Lokalueje *by canoe; it was* about forty yards wide. This is really the upper waters of the Zambezi, and is so marked on modern maps.

Having crossed it as it came down from the north-east, they now left the Zambezi altogether, trending north-west. The villages around enjoyed rich pasturage, but there were no cattle to be seen. The ground was in places alive with crawling fish, who. having been spread over the flooded plain, make their way back into dykes and ponds. The natives catch quantities by creels and nets, and smoke-dry them for future use.

When at length they reached the dominion of Katema, the next chief, they found his half-brother awaiting them, having been prepared for their coming. He was ready to welcome the Doctor, but was half-afraid and half-angry at the Makololo men who accompanied him ; the terror of the Makololo had reached even this part of the country.

Katema's chief town was a straggling collection of villages, and he received them much as Shinte had done. He gave them sixteen large baskets of meal, half a dozen fowls, and a dozen eggs, and expressed regret when he heard they had suffered from hunger the previous day. On the following day they gave him a small shawl, a razor, three bunches of beads, some buttons, and a powder-horn, with which he was mightily pleased.

The plain they had now crossed is the watershed for which the explorer had so long been looking. Streams and rivers from this point trended north or north-west, instead of south and south-west. This was not the only remarkable difference in the new region which they had entered, from what had gone before. The influence of the coast-traders became apparent; the method of obtaining food had to be frankly buying and selling, instead of giving.

Livingstone, whose amazing hold over the natives had enabled him to work safely through various tribes

with men of a hostile tribe in his own following, and to do this without bloodshed, or even quarrels, had now entered on a new and much more difficult phase of his journey.

CHAPTER V

THE TERRIBLE STRETCH TO THE WEST COAST

In these regions there was no big game—in fact, none had been available for a long time; therefore, when food could not be had except by bargaining, the little party, who had not much to barter, became hard pressed.

On the day after their arrival at his village, a chief, Katende, sent for the missionary, who found he had to walk three miles in the pouring rain; he was then coolly told that the chief wanted, "a man, a tusk, beads, copper rings, or a shell," as payment for leave to pass through his country. This was the first time this impudent demand had been met with, but it was to be repeated many times before the coast was reached.

As Livingstone was not the man to be bluffed or intimidated, he returned again to the village quietly, but first, wishing to behave peaceably, he explained the circumstances of his journey, and that he was not carrying trade goods, and had no slaves. On arriving at his tent, he looked out his oldest shirt, which nevertheless he could ill spare, and sent it to the avaricious chief as a sop. This was graciously received, and food and a guide were promised. The food turned out to be only a little meal and a fowl. This did not go far. Livingstone was naturally anxious to get away from such a neighbourhood, but was held up for two days by continuous rains.

When they reached the village of Njambi, who was one of the chiefs of the Chiboque, they stopped there for Sunday, and Livingstone ordered one of the riding oxen to be killed to supply their needs. Wishing to be on good terms with the chief he sent the hump and ribs to him with a message. Next morning he received in reply an impudent answer and a demand of "A man, an ox, a gun, cloth, powder, or a shell," and the intimation that if Njambi was not satisfied he would bar further progress.

Meantime some of his people, collecting around the camp, were overheard saying, "They have only five guns." A very critical moment arrived when the chief himself, with all his fighting men, surrounded the camp evidently with hostile intentions. Livingstone sat on his camp-stool with his double-barrelled gun across his knees, and his men stood round him with their javelins ready. His quiet manner and confident gestures as he commanded the Chiboque to be seated overawed them, and without intending it they complied automatically.

When the expedition left this place they struck away N.N.E. It is an instance of the independence of Livingstone's mind that because the more recognized, or the only recognized, route to the coast at Loanda was frequented by slave-dealers, he preferred to strike out a new track with all its unknown terrors. The usual swollen and dangerous rivers confronted the party, many boggy places had to be crossed, clothing was continually saturated, and fits of fever were intermittent; nevertheless they made progress.

On Saturday, 11 March, for the first and only time, the men of the column were mutinous; grumbling broke out among the Batoka and Ambonda; it was the worse because Livingstone at the time could hardly stand upright from fever. They had reached a village

where they were to stay for Sunday, and he had allowed them to kill a riding ox for food, when the mutiny broke in open insolence.

"Knowing that discipline would be at an end if this mutiny were not quelled, and that our lives depended on vigorously upholding authority, I seized a double-barrelled pistol, and darted forth from the domicile, looking, I suppose, so savage as to put them to a precipitate flight. As some remained within hearing I told them that I must maintain discipline, though at the expense of some of their limbs—they immediately became very obedient, and never afterwards gave me any trouble."

After this they went forward and camped beside a stream, Livingstone's fever being so bad that he could not get farther. While he was in a state of coma his men built a little stockade round him, and acted as guard, for a party of the Chiboque had surrounded them asking for "A man, an ox, a gun, or a tusk." When the Doctor had a little recovered, he gave them a razor, two bunches of beads, and twelve copper rings. But the next morning they came back, reiterating their first demand. To save bloodshed, Livingstone gave them one of the oxen, telling his men he esteemed their lives more than many oxen. The Chiboque returned next day with about thirty yards of striped English calico, which pleased the men, also an axe and two hoes, and returned the copper rings loftily, as being beneath their chief's notice.

In the next few days misfortune continued; his riding ox Sinbad went off in a plunging gallop, and threw his rider on the crown of his head, giving him a kick also. Poor Livingstone was by now almost a skeleton.

"The blanket which I used as a saddle on the back of the ox, being frequetly wet, remained so beneath me even in the hot sun, and aided by the heat of the ox, caused extensive abrasion of the skin, which was continually healing and getting sore again."

By the 2nd of April they had to slaughter one of the four remaining oxen, yet the Bashinje chief Sansawe sent the usual demand. But by this time Livingstone had got his back to the wall, there was nothing more to give, so without warning, he and his men rose early next morning and started off in a drizzling rain quite expecting to be attacked from ambush.

Yet nothing happened, and when they had done two hours' march they breathed freely again. At length they came to the Kwango, on the far side of which Portuguese influence was then supposed to begin. The river was 150 yards wide, and very deep. Canoes were necessary, but the headman of the village near refused them, without the compensation of "a man, an ox, or a gun"—the regular formula.

"This chief continued to worry us with his demands until I was tired. My little tent was now in tatters, and having a wider hole behind than the door in front, I tried in vain to lie down out of sight of our persecutors."

But in extremity help came. A young half-caste Portuguese sergeant of militia suddenly appeared; he had come across the Kwango in search of beeswax. He advised the party to go right on to the river without heeding the demands made upon them. There was some desultory firing, which stopped when no notice was taken of it. Livingstone was willing to give his blanket, all he had left, for a passage over the river, but the sergeant, Cypriano di Abreu, speaking with authority, forbade that, and by some means of his own got the party over without payment. He was indeed a good friend, for he fed the whole party in front of his own house on the other side. Livingstone says:

"Breakfast consisted of ground-nuts and roasted maize, then boiled manioc roots and ground-nuts, with guavas and honey as a dessert. I felt sincerely grateful for this magnificent breakfast."



They were detained here by rain, but Cypriano's generosity did not fail. He killed an ox for them, and asked his mother and maids to prepare enough farina from the manioc roots to serve them on the journey for four or five days.

After three days' hard travelling they reached "Cassange," now spelt Kasanjé, the farthest inland station of the Portuguese at that time. Captain Antonio Neves, one of the Portuguese stationed here, invited the Doctor to his own house, and fitted him out with decent clothing. The careful and accurate Livingstone was astonished to find the Portuguese maps so inaccurate. Kasanjé was placed at least a hundred miles out of its true position. It was here he sold the tusks sent by Sekeletu, and they realized a price far beyond the dreams of the Makololo. Then the journey was resumed through the northern part of the province of Angola to the sea. A railway now runs from Loanda inland, which will soon reach Kasanjé.

The rest of the journey to Loanda was not without its terrors. The vertigo produced by frequent fevers made it as much as Livingstone could do to stick on the ox and crawl along in misery.

Their reward came when from a slight elevation they first saw the sea. The men said afterwards: "We marched along with our father, believing that what the ancients had always told us was true, that the world has no end, but all at once the world said to us, 'I am finished; there is no more of me.'"

By this time poor Livingstone was suffering so badly from dysentery that he could not sit on his ox more than ten minutes without suffering agony. He knew that among the population of 12,000 living in Loanda there was but one English gentleman, and his whole hopes were centred on this man, Mr. Gabriel, the Com-

missioner for the suppression of the slave-trade. He proved to be all that fancy could have painted, and at once put the exhausted traveller to bed.

"Never shall I forget the luxuriant pleasure of feeling myself again on a good English couch after six months' sleeping on the ground."

CHAPTER VI

NOW TO THE EAST

DURING the whole of this journey the great pioneer had been troubled by his throat, in spite of the operation which had been performed at the Cape. He had been absolutely alone in spirit, being the one white man among natives; he had suffered incredible anxiety, persecution, want, and continual and repeated drenchings; he had worked his way through unknown country, and through ungracious and hostile tribes. Yet by the wonderful magnetism of his personality he had not only opened a way for himself, but carried with him in safety his following of tribesmen, who remained at unity among themselves.

During this journey he had had fever some thirty times and was reduced to skin and bone, he had endured the wettest season of the year, and yet he managed to record in all 2,812 astronomical observations to determine the latitude and longitude of the places passed through. These were forwarded to the Astronomer Royal at the Cape for verification. Later they were placed before the Royal Geographical Society by Sir John Herschel.

In May, 1855, the Geographical Society, on the motion of Sir Roderick Murchison, bestowed on Dr. Livingstone their Gold Medal, the highest honour they could award.

Perhaps the most amazing instance of his indomitable pluck was that he was fully determined to return as he had come. He had promised the tribesmen, who had followed him so faithfully, to restore them to their own people. Nothing would induce him to break his word, or to find a subterfuge by which they might be sent back without him. It was this act of heroic self-sacrifice which made not only England, but Europe, ring with his name. More even than his discoveries did this loyalty to his promise make his name a household word wherever the English tongue is spoken. It was little short of condemning himself to a slow and lingering death. Yet he brought it off triumphantly.

He had accomplished one of his objects of the journey in opening up a highway for trade from the interior to the coast, but he had not succeeded in another object, that of finding a high and healthy station inland, where a mission could be established. He therefore now purposed, after having returned whence he came, to start off in the opposite direction and explore the country to the sea on the east coast! If ever one might speak of a Giant of Ideas it would be of this man, the magnitude of whose mental reach far exceeded that of any of his predecessors.

He had arrived at Loanda 31 May, 1854, and he proposed starting on the return journey 24 September the same year. During his stay on the coast his men kept themselves by helping to unload boats and doing odd jobs. Livingstone wrote out a complete record of his journey and other observations, and sent them off by the Mail Packet *Forerunner*. Having bought some presents for Sekeletu, and being re-established in health, he managed to leave Loanda on the date fixed, being accompanied for the first thirty miles by Mr. Gabriel, whose kindness and generosity had been unfailing.

After leaving Ambaca the party made a detour to the south, to see the famous rocks of Pungo Andongo, gigantic columns 300 feet in height. Here Livingstone was the guest of Colonel Pires, a merchant prince who had a large estate, with cultivated vines, run by slave labour. While here Livingstone heard that the *Forerunner* had gone to the bottom with all his precious papers.

Being urged by his hospitable host to stay where he was until he had so far as possible rewritten what had been lost, he accepted the invitation, and stayed until the first day of 1855, when he again took the road.

On the way back he suffered, not only from fever, but by that prostrating disease rheumatic fever. The Chiboque again proved very troublesome, and a slight skirmish ended in a complete triumph for Livingstone's party, proving that the hostile demonstration on the other side had been mainly bluff. He visited Katema, Shinte, and the chieftainess Manenko, whom he now looked upon as old friends.

At all the places they passed his men gave glowing accounts of what they had seen, and of the marvels of the coast and the white men.

At Libonta, where they were once more in the dominions of the Makololo, they were received with unbounded demonstrations of joy. Here Livingstone heard that Sekeletu had been indulging in marauding expeditions against other tribes, and expressed his disgust, promising the old men of the tribe, who thoroughly disapproved of the action, that he would reprove Sekeletu as "his child."

The progress down the Barotse valley was a triumph; the people were most generous, and Livingstone's heart ached to bring them to a true knowledge of God.

There was a great meeting at Linyanti, where every-

thing that had been left in November, 1853, was found perfectly safe; a wonderful testimony to the honesty of the people.

Sekeletu had to be reproved for his marauding, as he had carried off large herds of cattle belonging to other tribes. His father-in-law, being careful of his dignity, said to Livingstone, "Reprove him much, but don't let others hear you."

The Matabele, whose territory then ran up to the south bank of the Zambezi river, are a Zulu people. At the beginning of the nineteenth century, under their famous chief Chaka, they were a nation of organized fighting men, feared by the rest. Some, crossing the river, penetrated as far north as Lake Victoria, and breaking off from the main body established the Matabeleland we know. Bands of Zulu people under the name of Mazitu ranged in the Nyasa country, where Livingstone was to become well acquainted with their iniquities. But the Zambezi was supposed to hold them as a main boundary, and it was down this part of the Zambezi, though on the northern bank, he now proposed going to the coast.

He considered various routes, and, urged by his friends the natives, waited for the rains. The thermometer in the shade of the waggon was at 100° through the day, in the sun it was 138°, and even at sunrise, the coldest part of the day, did not go below 70°. Sekeletu behaved with regal generosity in spite of the scolding he had received, and all wants were abundantly supplied. Livingstone spent the time of waiting in preaching to and teaching the innumerable company of souls around him, and in the intervals healing them. By the end of October the rainy season began.

A man called Sekwebu was chosen as one of the headmen to accompany him; he had lived at Tete, far

to the east, as a small boy, and was accustomed to the dialects around there. On 3 November, 1855, the caravan of 200 men started, Sekeletu accompanying it for the first part of the way.

It was now that Livingstone discovered the Victoria Falls, so named by him. Before he reached them he had often been asked by the natives: "Have you smoke that sounds in your country?" and told of the Mosi-oa-tunga Falls, which in the native tongue means "Smoke does sound here."

The Victoria Falls beat the Niagara as the largest in the world. Above them the river is over a mile wide; the volume of water drops suddenly over a chasm from 360 to 400 feet high, divided at the upper edge by islands which stand on the very lip of the Falls. But this is not all. The peculiarity of this prodigious exhibition of power lies in the fact that the wall of cliff over which the water drops is faced by another wall about the same height exactly opposite. Against this the water is driven hard, and the result is extraordinary columns of spray rising high like steady smoke. The water has but one outlet, and that is a narrow channel about a third of the way from the north side, and into this gorge all the tumbling, tormented water has perforce to make its way. It is just below the entry to this that the railway bridge carrying the line of the Cape to Cairo Railway crosses at 400 feet high. Below, the channel of the river does not proceed straight, but takes the most zigzag and crooked course, doubling back on itself and raging against the enclosing walls of rock which form a deep canyon. For forty-five miles it runs in this contorted canyon.

At the present time the country round about is preserved as a national park, and seven miles from these Falls, on the same side as that where this gallant little

company pushed their way along, stands Livingstone, the capital of Northern Rhodesia, now a British Protectorate. It can be reached from London by rail and steam in three weeks. Some distance to the south of the river on the right bank are the well-known coalfields of Wankie, which the railway from Buluwayo and the south reached first. After a halt it crept on to the Falls in 1905, and went farther to the Broken Hill mine of zinc and lead, which is known all over the world. At present the line continues even past this to the frontier of Belgian Congo, whence it slants off to the west, and will probably eventually meet the new line through Angola.

Four thousand white settlers have made Livingstone their headquarters. It is a quiet little place, but the traffic of tourists to see these, the greatest falls in the world, is extensive, and with the mineral cargoes this bit of line is said to be probably "the most profitable in the world" ("*Times*" *East African Supplement*, March, 1928).

There is an unobtrusive hotel near the Falls, and the visitor can see the Devil's Cataract and the Boiling Pot, and enjoy the strange sensations of Danger Point without aggressive interference. How far was all this even from the far-seeing inward eye of the man who discovered the Falls!

After this Sekeletu and his party went home again, leaving 114 men to carry the tusks he was sending to the coast.

Instead of continuing close by the great bow of the Zambezi's course, Livingstone trekked north-east by the course of the River Lekone. It is the same route as that taken by the Cape to Cairo line, which reaches far beyond this.

CHAPTER VII

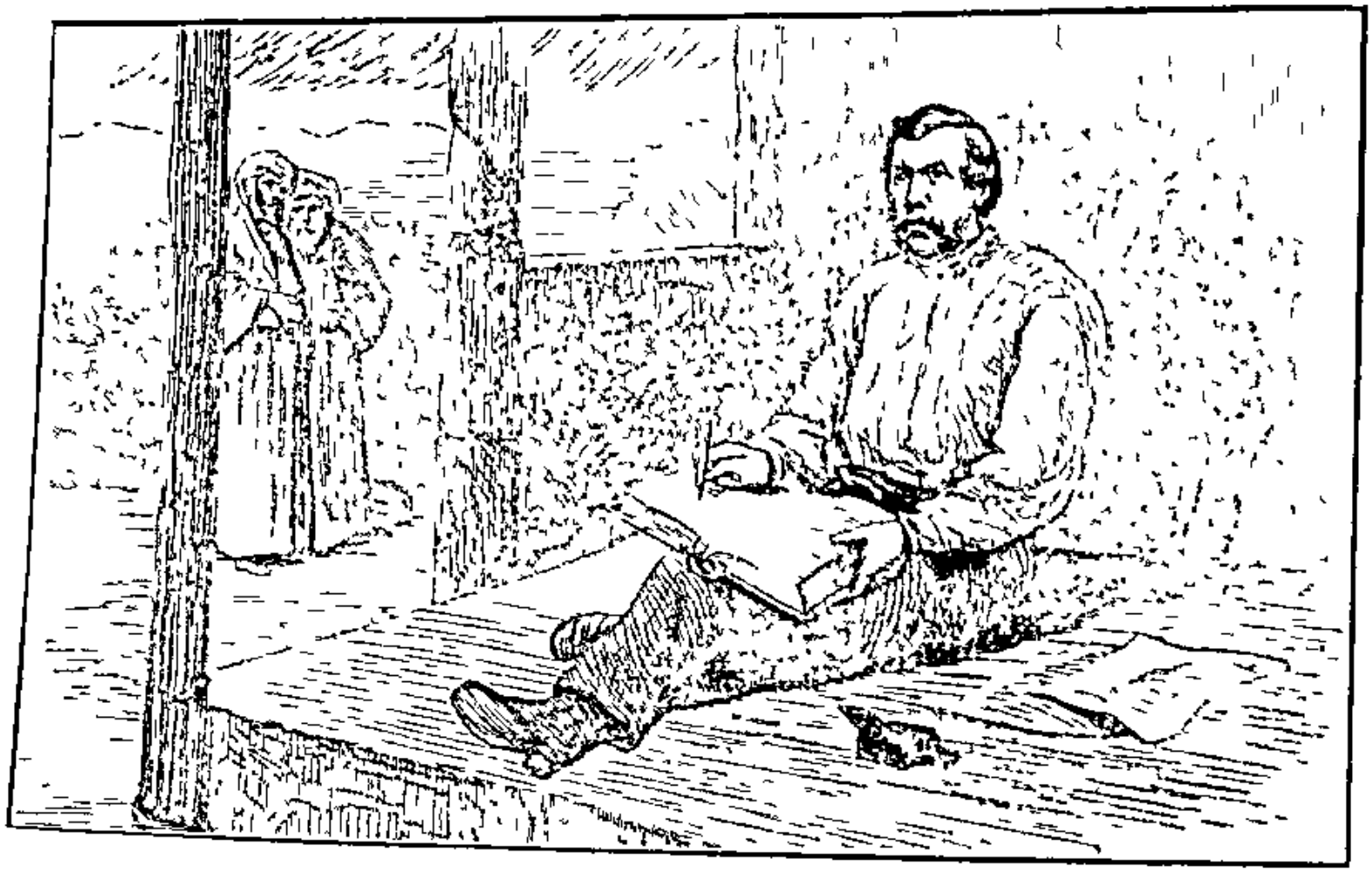
ACHIEVEMENT

THE expedition was now in the country of the Bato and the chief Moyara, very much reduced in pow pointed triumphantly to the skulls of a number Matabele, killed by his father, as a sign of form grandeur. This tribe have a hideous custom of knoc ing out the upper front teeth. These people we subject to Sekeletu, and maize and ground-nuts we forthcoming in plenty according to his orders.

"After leaving Kaonkawe, we travelled over an uninhabite gently undulating, and most beautiful district, the border ter tory between those who accept and those who reject the sw of the Makololo—the country which all my people magni into a perfect paradise. . . . The soil is dry, often a reddi sand; there are few trees, but fine large shady ones are dotte here and there over the country where towns formerly stood. . . The sight of the open country, with the increased altitude w were attaining, was most refreshing to the spirits. Large gam abounds. We see in the distance buffaloes, elands, hartebees gnus, and elephants, all very tame, as no one disturbs them Lions . . . roared about us. In the evening, while standin on a mass of granite, one began to roar at me."

On 30 November they crossed the River Kalomo, feeder of the Zambezi, and as they were now on the watershed between the southward and eastward flowing rivers, Livingstone took the altitude, which he found to be 5,000 feet.

On 4 December the first rebel village was reached, and they had some trouble; attempts were made to spear one of the men who went for water, though a civil approach had been made to the headman.



LIVINGSTONE AT WORK ON HIS JOURNAL

The country was much more thickly populated than the regions just passed through, which are looked on as a sort of debatable land.

The chief of these people was Monze, and at his village Sunday, 10 December, passed. Though the country showed fine stretches of pasturage, there were no cattle, only fowls and goats. Monze had never been visited by any white man, but had seen some black native traders. He was quite civil, and presented them with a piece of buffalo that had been killed by lions. He and his sister seemed to appreciate the message of peace brought by Livingstone.

Thereafter they got into a beautiful region, abounding in game, including large herds of wild elephants.

The village of Semalembue, a great chief, was close by the huge Kafue river, 200 yards wide and full of hippopotami.

Semalembue welcomed the missionary cordially and fed him handsomely. The idea of being able to live in peace without raiding, as a result of his teaching, was eagerly accepted by him also.

They shot an elephant for food at Chiponga, and now began to draw near to the Zambezi again. All this part of the country had been known to Sekwebu as a boy, and his information was most useful. Nevertheless guides were requisitioned, and each village sent out two men to lead the party as far as the next; this was necessary, for there was now a growth of thick jungle, difficult to penetrate except by certain tracks. The people hereabouts are great agriculturists, and were seen working in their gardens; they are of a negroid type with thick lips and flat noses. They render themselves still more ugly by making a little line of raised cicatrices along the nose and forehead to the roots of the hair. The women, however, do better than that,

for they pierce the upper lip and insert a shell, gradually lengthening out the flap of skin until their mouths resemble the bills of ducks. A revolting custom, which is still practised by some other tribes as well.

In spite of the rains, and continual cloudiness, the sun often burst through with scorching intensity, but they pressed on until they reached the Loangwa, which, running south into the Zambezi, here forms for a short distance the boundary between Mozambique (Portuguese) and both Northern and Southern Rhodesia.

They at length reached the old Portuguese frontier fort of Zumbo, but were aware of danger ahead, having been warned that a chief called Mpende, who was at war with the Portuguese, had sworn that no white man should pass by him to the coast. His domain was on the northern side of the Zambezi, where they were. Therefore they tried to get across this broad river studded with islands, for they knew that farther down on the far side was the Portuguese settlement of Tete, where they would be comparatively safe. But they could not get any canoes, for all the local people who owned them were afraid to lend them for fear of the anger of Mpende. There was nothing for it but to go ahead, and trust to making a good impression on the chief. They travelled slowly, the tsetse-stricken oxen moving with difficulty, but at length they camped near the chief's village, and sent him a polite message.

Directly he had held personal communication with Livingstone, the chief succumbed to his magnetism, and said he only wished he had seen him sooner, then he would have made no difficulty at all. He sent two of his principal men to arrange that the party should be ferried over the river, which at that place is about 1,200 yards broad. The next day they all got safely over. Two spoons and a shirt were given as a thankoffering.

They were now but ten days from Tete; one of the Batoka died here and another man deserted.

By 2 March they were only eight miles from Tete. Livingstone was worn out, but the men, who had been for some time eating only roots and honey, asked leave to go on at once, and took with them letters of introduction to the Commandant, from the Roman Catholic Bishop in Angola, as well as others with which Livingstone had been charged.

Early next morning two officers and a company of soldiers appeared, bringing a "civilized breakfast," which enabled the Doctor to cover the last few miles, though the way was so rough that one of the officers said "it was enough to tear a man's life out of him."

When he reached Tete he heard of the fall of Sebastopol.

Commandant Sicard received him most kindly, taking him into his own house, and providing accommodation for the men.

Livingstone had made up his mind to leave the men here while he returned to England for a holiday. He had now been separated from his family for four years. He was thoroughly worn out, and a furlough was a necessity. However, he felt sure that the men could keep themselves here until his return.

Livingstone remained nearly a month at Tete, being delayed at the last by fever, which prostrated everyone. He found, however, that the chinchona plant (quinine) grew in the country, and was used by the natives and the Portuguese as a remedy.

Only sixteen of the men accompanied him on his resumed journey to the coast, the rest were left behind happily employed elephant-hunting. The Commandant provided canoes in which they could go on down the river, and they started on 22 April. On the journey

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down they passed the junction of the Shiré, the mighty river which connects the Zambezi with Lake Nyasa, though that was not yet discovered, and was reserved for Livingstone himself. Finally they reached the coast at Quilimane, 20 May, 1856.

The village at this time was very unhealthy, standing on a mud bank surrounded by swamps, but it was necessary to wait here six weeks before H.M. Brig *Frolic* arrived to take him off. She brought with her £150 from the Society's agent at the Cape to pay for his passage. Sekwebu and one attendant alone remained with him by that time, the rest having gone back to Tete. Sekwebu was so anxious to come still farther, that at length he was allowed on board. Unfortunately the strain of seeing so many new things was too much for him; he became insane, and threw himself overboard before the vessel reached Mauritius.

Among the letters which Livingstone found awaiting him at Quilimane was one from the London Missionary Society, which directly influenced the course of his life. The Directors said that they were restricted in their power of aiding plans connected only remotely with the spread of the Gospel, and that the financial circumstances of the Society were not such as to afford any ground of hope that it would be in a position to undertake any remote and difficult fields of labour. This was a cold douche to the man who had travelled over 1,000 miles.

But it is impossible not to sympathize with the view from their standpoint. It is only one man in a thousand or so who can take the large view forward, and at that time we must remember that Dr. Livingstone was merely one of a staff of missionaries, sent out to teach in settled places, and not authorized to go across a whole continent. It is difficult to recognize genius at close quarters, or until it has been hall-marked by

succeeding generations. It was impossible for the Society to perceive that they had struck a genius in pioneering, who would do more for missionary work in Africa than any hundreds of their ordinary staff.

They had been very forbearing, and doubtless had experienced great uneasiness at this giant bee who had become immeshed in their web, and seemed likely to break it all to pieces with his energetic struggles. At any rate, they sent him the means to come home, and when he came and talked with them they were much more sympathetic than this carefully thought out letter seemed to imply. Nevertheless, he had to break away from them—he was altogether too big to fit into their schemes.

At Mauritius Livingstone stayed a long time to get rid of the enlarged liver which caused him much trouble. At length he felt well enough to continue the journey, and, taking passage in a P. and O. ship, reached England on 12 December, 1856.

CHAPTER VIII

THE FIRST BOOK

Four years and seven months after David Livingstone had parted from his wife at the Cape he met her again at Southampton, whither he went at once after landing in London. She had had a hard and anxious time during his disappearance from all touch with civilization, and had needed all her belief in his greatness to sustain her. She was inspired by her mother, who wrote of this son-in-law: "He is certainly the wonder of his age."

It is significant that Livingstone's first public recognition came through the Royal Geographical Society.

He had not been six days in the country before he was acclaimed at a special meeting. Sir Roderick Murchison, who had always stood by him, was in the chair. He commented on the fact that Livingstone had covered in his journeys no less than 11,000 miles of Africa, mostly unknown. As explorer, astronomer, missionary, cartographer, recorder of natural history facts, and geologist, he had failed in nothing. But the main marvel was his ability to handle the very varied native races with unerring insight.

The description and summary of his work may be given in Livingstone's own words.

"Most geographers are aware that, before the discovery of Lake Ngami and the well-watered country in which the Makololo dwell, the idea prevailed that a large part of the interior of Africa consisted of sandy deserts, into which rivers ran and were lost. During my journey in 1852-6, from sea to sea, across the south intertropical part of the continent, it was found to be a well-watered country, with large tracts of well-watered soil covered with forests, and beautiful grassy valleys, occupied by a considerable population; and one of the most wonderful waterfalls in the world was brought to light. The peculiar form of the continent was then ascertained to be an elevated plateau, somewhat depressed in the centre, and with fissures in the sides, by which the rivers escaped to the sea; and this great fact in physical geography can never be referred to without calling to mind the remarkable hypothesis by which the President of the Royal Geographical Society clearly indicated this peculiarity before it was verified by actual observation of the altitudes of the country and the courses of the rivers. . . ."

The President himself, Sir Roderick Murchison, gave full credit to Livingstone for proving what he himself had only conjectured from an armchair.

The following day the L.M.S. did honour to their pioneer missionary, and Lord Shaftesbury, the Chairman of the meeting, by his words alleviated a good deal of

the soreness which had been felt by Livingstone at the previous want of appreciation.

Other meetings were held to spread the knowledge of his work, and he had no complaint to make of the coldness of the public. Enthusiasm was high. He spoke at various places, and was so much of a lion that he was one day mobbed in Regent Street. He was engaged on his first book and took his writing very seriously, so that the constant interruptions were very worrying to him.

At the first possible moment he visited his home in Lanarkshire, where his Mother still lived, though his Father had died. He was so much altered that even she did not know him at first. His brother Charles, who had been in America, was now back again, and eager to go out with him to Africa when he returned there, which he was already longing to do. All the fuss made over him was little to his taste, and he wanted to be again among the simple natives of Africa, and away from the conventions and restraints of civilization.

He had perforce to address many meetings, though public speaking was always a strain to him, and sometimes he was quite ill beforehand. Glasgow behaved very handsomely to him, having collected subscriptions to the amount of £2,000 for him. He spoke also at many places in England, including Bath and Oxford and Cambridge. He even went over to Dublin. Nowhere was his reception more enthusiastic than at Cambridge, a fact which moved him deeply. This visit of his produced interest in missions among educated young men, which finally took shape in the "Universities Mission," which has been second to none in its work of Christianizing Africa.

Then there was the great book to be written from his notes and journals. This entailed hard work,

and the constant engagements and calls upon his time worried him deeply. However, he managed to complete it, and it was published in the autumn, under the rather misleading title of *Missionary Travels in South Africa*, for his journeyings had not been by any means, or even chiefly, in South Africa. Its success was instantaneous, an edition of 12,000 was not enough to supply the demand, and it had to be reprinted at once. It brought the author a little fortune, and secured him financial independence. The quotations made so far are taken from this book.

The subject which troubled him greatly during the year he was in England was the severance of his relations with the London Missionary Society; he now felt that this was necessary. His views were not those of the Directors, and though they had acknowledged his great services to the cause of civilization, they clearly showed him they did not think that they were called upon to finance the exploration of the continent of Africa; they preferred rather to send out earnest young men who would be content to stay in places already reached, and there act as pastors to the natives they converted.

Livingstone, having made up his mind, firmly but courteously told them that he could no longer fit into their scheme, and deeply as he regretted breaking away from the Society which had sent him out, and with which he had been connected for sixteen years, he felt he could not swerve from his own overmastering idea of opening up great highways through the dark land.

He had already been received by the Prince Consort, presented with the Freedom of the City of London and fifty guineas. When it was known that he was no longer tied to the L.M.S. the Government offered him the appointment of Consul at Quilimane on the eastern coast districts in the interior, and commander of an

expedition for exploring Eastern and Central Africa. For this he was to receive £500 a year. He accepted gladly, and as he had received the dignities of Hon. LL.D., Glasgow, and D.C.L., Oxon, in addition to those he already held, he felt he was going out in an altogether different, and much more authoritative, position than that he previously held.

The party to go with him included Commander Bedingfield, R.N.; John Kirk, M.D.; Charles Livingstone, his own brother; Richard Thornton, a practical mining geologist; Thomas Baines, storekeeper; and George Rae, ship engineer.

Lord Palmerston, then in power, had done all he could to put him in the best position to make use of his exceptional talents, and Lady Palmerston had been most gracious to him. It was to Lord Palmerston he dedicated his second book, describing the work of the expedition now nominated. Lord Clarendon, then Foreign Minister, was equally helpful; it was he who had signed the appointment.

A farewell banquet was given him, attended by upwards of 350 persons, with Sir Roderick Murchison in the chair. The Ministers of Sweden, Norway and Denmark, the Dukes of Argyll and Wellington, the Earl of Shaftesbury and Earl Grey, the Bishops of Oxford and St. Davids, and many other celebrities, were among those present.

On the morning of the same day Dr. Livingstone was received by the Queen, privately. This interview is memorable in that he wore his new uniform as Consul: black coat and blue trousers, with a peaked cap trimmed with gold lace. This cap he clung to for the rest of his life, and it became so much identified with him in the public mind that no picture of him without it was received as authentic.

When many speeches had been made, Livingstone replied in his simple way, and as his wife had been mentioned, he said that she was to go out with him, and she knew well beforehand that a missionary's wife had to be a maid-of-all-work while the husband was jack-of-all-trades.

They left England for the Cape on 10 March, 1858, with their youngest boy, Oswald, not yet seven years old. But when they reached the Cape, Mrs. Livingstone, being in a delicate state of health, decided to go to Kuruman, to be with her own parents awhile before rejoining her husband. It was a trial to be separated again, but they cheerfully hoped it would not be for long, little knowing what a separation it was to be.

CHAPTER IX

MISSIONS FOR EAST AFRICA

On arrival at the coast near the many mouths of the Zambezi, Livingstone decided that the best approach was by the channel called the Kongone, which had never been used by the Portuguese. He was justified in his choice. The iron launch they had brought out from England was in three sections and had to be put together in order to pass up this. She had been christened *The Pearl*, but far from a pearl she proved. The natives had renamed her Ma-Robert in honour of Mrs. Livingstone, but she soon became known as "The Asthmatic," which described her qualities better. Unfortunately *The Pearl* from the first proved anything but valuable. She was made of poor material, and badly put together; she needed constant repairs,

and exhausted the patience of all who had anything to do with her.

When they got up the river as far as Tete, Livingstone was welcomed by those of his men who remained there, for some were dead, and some scattered. The first expedition from here was to the Kebrabrassa Falls beyond Tete, thus inaugurating the first attempt to get up the Zambezi. The launch had to be left below the rapids, thus proving that unless a boat of more than ten horse-power was supplied any attempt at exploration this way would be hopeless. A message was sent to England to this effect.

Meantime the party returned and began exploring the River Shiré, which runs due north and south from Lake Nyasa to the Zambezi, which it reaches about ninety miles from the coast. No traders had penetrated this way, as the African chiefs along the banks were known to be hostile to all strangers. The dialect spoken resembled that used at Senna and Tete, and the party knew just enough to check the interpreter when necessary.

The first of the important chiefs they came in contact with was Tingane, who bore an evil reputation for ferocity and cruelty, but, like all the rest, he fell under the magic spell of the Doctor.

Livingstone makes a characteristic remark: "The delight of threading out the meanderings of upwards of 200 miles of a hitherto unexplored river must be felt to be appreciated."

At about this distance they came upon fine falls, which he named the Murchison Cataracts. Finding they could get no farther, they finally returned to Tete. On their second trip, soon afterwards, they left the River Shiré and explored the district to the east in order to confirm the native information as to a lake that lay

there. The country was peopled by the Manganja tribes, who were disposed to be treacherous, but did not offer open resistance. On April 18, 1859, Lake Shiré, or Shirwa, was discovered, a considerable volume of bitter water, abounding in leeches, fish, crocodiles, and hippopotami. Toward the end of June they were back at Tete, with the steamer leaking like a sieve, and needing all the ingenuity of her engineer to keep her afloat.

Once more, in the middle of August, they went up the Shiré, this time with the idea of penetrating to the larger lake (Nyasa) of which they had heard.

The party numbered forty-two, including four white men and thirty-six Makololo. The country was very hilly; they reached an altitude of 3,000 feet, and then descended to the Upper Shiré valley, which is itself 1,200 feet above sea-level. The country was very beautiful and well watered, and the Manganja friendly enough. They are an industrious people, and dig for iron as well as cultivating cotton and making baskets, with the usual growing of vegetables. The women here have the atrocious custom of the *pelele*, or enlargement of the upper lip. The chief weakness of these people is for home-brewed beer, and intoxication was often seen by Livingstone's party. They are also dirty and never wash, consequently skin diseases were at that time rife among them.

The expedition came out above the cataracts this time, and were told the river still stretched northwards for "two months," which discouraged the Makololo, who wanted to go back.

It was not, however, nearly so far, as they reached the lake on 16 September, 1859, having left the steam launch on 28 August.

But, as a rule, the tribes around the lake were more

suspicious and less kindly than those on the Zambezi; some of them gesticulated with bows and poisoned arrows, and access to the villages was denied. The expedition was now passing along the highway of the slave traffic, and it was not long before they encountered one of the miserable parties, roped together by the neck, with the men further held by a forked stick that rendered them helpless.

Livingstone, with his usual penetration, saw at once that the best deterrent to the infamous traffic in human beings would be a steamer on the lake; this steamer could collect ivory for sale from the people on the shores, which was then carried down by slaves to the coast. One small vessel on the lake would be more useful than half a dozen men-of-war off the bar on the sea, he said. As usual he saw far beyond his fellows, for the suppression of slavery in this district was only achieved after Nyasaland had become a Protectorate in 1889, by keeping three gun-boats on the lake. The land journey lasted forty days, and the party returned to the launch on 6 October. The launch was now in such a bad condition that it was found necessary to take her down with great care to the Kongone for thorough repairs.

The little steamer continued hopelessly bad. So at last Livingstone resolved to send the engineer back to England to get a new vessel, which should be worthy of being put on the lake. In the meantime, he, with his brother and the other members of the party, went westwards right up the Zambezi on foot, to take home the Makololo who remained, and wished to go. Charles Livingstone had not been above the Falls of Kebrabrassa, and everything was new to him. They not only saw the Falls but a great deal else of that mighty river.

It was after passing the Falls that Livingstone's expedition met a messenger from Sekeletu, who was a very sick man, and urged them to hurry on to him. They heard here also of the sad end of a missionary party sent out by the L.M.S. to Sekeletu. Mr. and Mrs. Helmore, who had suffered hunger and exhaustion in reaching Linyanti, from which they never really recovered, brought with them a party of five other Europeans and thirteen natives. Of these five Europeans and five natives died in less than three months, including the missionary and his wife. When they reached Sekeletu, who was at Shesheke, they found him seriously ill. Livingstone and Kirk, both doctors, diagnosed leprosy; they could not cure him, but were able to relieve him to some extent, and he lived to 1864. They had brought presents out from England for him, including a sugar-mill, but this had to be left behind for the time at Tete. So great was the chief's enthusiasm that when told of it he suggested blowing up the Victoria Falls with gunpowder so that a ship might be able to get through and bring it to him.

Livingstone's waggon and goods were intact, though it was nearly five years since he had left. He felt he must not stay more than a month, though he was among old friends, but reluctantly set off again on the return journey about the middle of September, 1860.

The new steamboat *The Pioneer*, which Livingstone had asked for, arrived from England at the end of January, 1861. This had been provided by the Government, but to make sure of getting what he wanted, he had, with his usual open-handedness, told the engineer to procure also another vessel, which would really fulfil his important purpose. This was to be at his own cost, and it had not yet come. With *The Pioneer* came two cruisers, bringing members of the

Oxford and Cambridge Mission (Universities Mission), headed by Bishop Mackenzie. There were six Englishmen and five coloured men, and Livingstone, who had been so long used to work by himself, was rather embarrassed by so many. The Bishop, full of ardour, wanted to be put up the Shiré river and start a mission station straight away. But Government orders were that Livingstone was to take *The Pioneer* along the coast northward to Cape Degado, and explore the River Rovuma, to see if access to Lake Nyasa and the interior could not be found that way, so as to avoid the necessity for going through territory the Portuguese had annexed. Accordingly, the members of the mission were left temporarily behind whilst the Bishop himself went with Livingstone's party up the coast to the Rovuma. Nothing came of this, for though *The Pioneer* was infinitely superior to the old launch, she drew too much water when loaded, and could not get up the Rovuma beyond a point far short of its junction with the lake. Afterwards he went back to take the Bishop and his party up the Shiré.

They reached the chief Chibisa's village after many difficulties, and heard there that the slave-trade had greatly increased, and there was fighting going on among the Manganjas. As it was necessary for the health of the Europeans that they should be in the hills, they left the vessel, and the Bishop's goods were carried up to the highlands between the river and Lake Shiré, a place called Magomero.

Once there, Livingstone determined to make a better exploration of Lake Nyasa than he had been able to do before. He took a light gig to be carried past the forty miles of the Murchison cataracts up which the steamer could not go. This time they succeeded in getting on to the lake, and visited and made friends

with chiefs living on the margin; they encountered wild storms, made copious notes of the flora and fauna, and named a striking promontory Cape Maclear, after the Astronomer Royal at the Cape. This exploration lasted nearly two months, from the beginning of September until the end of October, 1861. On their return to *The Pioneer*, they found that the Bishop had come down from the hills full of optimism as to his work. The slave-raiding Ajawa had been defeated and driven off, and many of the Manganja had settled round the Bishop for purposes of mutual defence. The Mission might become self-supporting, as the climate and soil promised well. The Bishop's chief assistant was Mr. Burrup, who had followed the ship up in a canoe. Thus, with high hopes, the two parties left each other, the mission members returning to their highlands. The explorers in *The Pioneer* went down to the coast to meet Mrs. Livingstone and the ladies belonging to the Universities Mission who were now expected.

They duly arrived in H.M.S. *Gorgon*, and brought with them the sections of Livingstone's own boat *Lady Nyassa*. This boat cost him about £6,000, the greater part of the profit of his book.

As the navigation of the Shiré was so difficult it had been arranged that the mission ladies should be taken up as far as the mouth of the Ruo, a tributary of the Shiré on the western side, where the Bishop was to meet them. His sister and Burrup's wife were escorted there by Drs. Ramsay and Kirk, and Captain Wilson. They went in the gig and whale-boat; Livingstone was to follow in *The Pioneer*.

When they reached the mouth of the Ruo there was no sign of the Bishop, and no message from him, so they went on to Chibisa's, where they were told that both the Bishop and Mr. Burrup were dead!

They had not been killed, but died of exhaustion, fever, and dysentery. It was a melancholy story, including some exploration, the capture of their followers by the Anguro slave-trading village, negotiations for their restoration, which were successful, and then a return journey in cold and wet.

By this time the Rev. James Stewart of the Free Church of Scotland had arrived on the coast to survey the country hereabouts with the idea of establishing another mission. He went up with the main party, including Livingstone, in *The Pioneer*, and made a comprehensive survey before returning home with his report.

The Universities Mission still struggled on; one of the party, Mr. Waller, came down to the river for provisions, and while he was away the rest moved down to the Lower Shiré valley, because the slave-raiding ferocity of the Ajawa had intensified.

The Pioneer having returned to Shupanga to fetch up another load of the *Lady Nyassa* to be put together up the Shiré, many of the party were prostrated by fever, for the season was peculiarly unhealthy. Among them was brave Mrs. Livingstone, who had come so far to be with her husband. She died on 27 April, 1862, and was buried there.

When her husband had left her at the Cape in 1858, she had gone to her parents at Kuruman, where in November her youngest child, Anna Mary was born. Finding it impossible to rejoin him with so young a baby, she returned to Scotland to be with her other children, and there remained until the chance of rejoining him came. They had been together not quite two months, after a separation of four years, when they were finally parted by death. Livingstone wrote despairingly: "It is the first heavy stroke I have suffered, and

quite takes away all my strength. I wept over her who well deserved many tears. I loved her when I married her, and the longer I lived with her I loved her the more."

The intense vitality of the nature which had carried him through so much appears in the short sentence: "For the first time in my life I feel willing to die."

CHAPTER X

NYASALAND

By this time the river had fallen so low that, even when the whole of the *Lady Nyassa* had been put together, there was no chance of going up the Shiré until the rains in December,

Accordingly, Livingstone determined to use the time in exploring the Rovuma again, in this boat, which was of much lighter draught than *The Pioneer*. The *Lady Nyassa* was towed up the coast by H.M.S. *Orestes*. At first the expedition promised well. The people on the banks were Makonde, and did not offer any opposition. But by 16 September, when the party had passed a fertile plain nearly two miles broad, things began to look ugly.

The great slave-route from Nyasa to Kilwa passed just beyond here, and the wretched people, cowering in temporary huts, held themselves ready to fly at any time. It was small wonder they showed themselves hostile to the European boat. They assembled in hundreds with bows and poisoned arrows, and, choosing a narrow part of the river, prepared for action. Livingstone, with his

usual tact, got them into parley, and for a full half-hour argued with them as to his peaceable intentions, liable at any moment to be shot with a poisoned arrow. But this was the worst episode ; the farther up the expedition went the more helpful the people became, though they were miserably poor, and gladly ate both crocodiles and their eggs as their staple food. At 156 miles from the mouth of the river, progress was finally stopped by rapids, which are so common a feature in these rivers—only these, oddly enough, are in comparatively flat land. It was necessary again to give up the idea of getting through to Lake Nyasa by this route, and the *Lady Nyassa* returned to Quilimane. Reckoning fifteen miles a day as all they could do, they were still a fortnight's distance from the lake when they had been brought to a stop. The party had only been away a month in all.

The rains were late, and it was not until January, 1863, they got up the Shiré again in *The Pioneer*, with the *Lady Nyassa* in tow. But from now onwards misfortune descended on the party. It had begun in the death of the Bishop and the dispersal of the mission ; it had fallen heavily on the leader in the loss of his wife. Prolonged drought had completed the havoc which had been begun by the raiding of the Akawa in the upper valley of the Shiré. The slave-raiders, not content with carrying off the people, had burnt their crops and destroyed their villages, and when the miserable remnant had crept back, and the drought continued long after the rains were due, they had died of starvation in hundreds. Up the Shiré the most hideous sights were seen.

All this hardened Livingstone's determination to get a steamer on the lake to patrol the district. The steamer was stopped below the rapids, and the men began to make a road by cutting down trees and filling

up ravines, so that the *Lady Nyassa* could be carried up. But dysentery attacked them so severely that this plan had to be abandoned; there was no time or strength for it. In fact, Dr. Kirk and Charles Livingstone were so reduced by illness that they had to leave for England. The idea was then evolved that they should get on quickly to the region below the lake, where the tribes were still untouched by famine, and find a boat they had left in a tree, and fetch it back to carry their goods up past the cataracts.

They worked their way forward to where the boat had been left, only to find that it, with everything else in the village near by, had been burnt. All they could do was to return to *The Pioneer*, thwarted once more.

Chibisa had been murdered by a Portuguese free-booter, and his lands were laid waste.

On the return to the steamer it was found that mails had been brought up from the coast, and among them was an order from Lord Russell for the withdrawal of the expedition. Lord Russell had been created Earl two years before, having previously been Lord John Russell; he was now Foreign Minister, and was destined to succeed Palmerston as Prime Minister on his death in 1865. As it was impossible to take *The Pioneer* down to the sea until the floods of December made the rivers rise, and it was now only July, the indomitable leader determined to utilize the short time left to him in pulling a boat up the cataracts; but this also ended in failure, the boat being lost, with some goods.

The *Lady Nyassa* was then screwed together, and as she drew less water than *The Pioneer*, she was taken down to the sea first in October. *The Pioneer* was left in charge of a party of experienced men, while the leader, who remained inland, determined to utilize even the time left to him in making



THE ARAB SLAVE TRADERS MET LIVINGSTONE *Page 65*

one more attempt at exploration. For this purpose he took with him only one white man, the steward of the little ship.

They went on foot with carriers, and this journey alone would have been sufficient to establish the reputation of any man as an explorer of the first magnitude. But in this short record there is no room to give details, for the amazing mass of Dr. Livingstone's penetration into unknown territory is so great that the mere record demands all the space allowed.

It is sufficient to say that he brought off what he intended, and returned to the steamer before the rains had caused the swelling of the river. He and his comrade, who had proved staunch and reliable, came back with "muscles as hard as boards, and not an ounce of fat on any part of the body."

They did so well that by 8 October they were back at the steamer, having returned by a different track, and having explored and minutely noted all the natural particulars of a vast area of hitherto untrodden country.

But something yet remained to be done before leaving the Shiré altogether: *The Pioneer* had to pick up and take down with her the last of the mission staff, with about thirty orphans, who could not be abandoned. The Universities Mission, known throughout Africa for the admirable work it has done since, had an untoward beginning.

The *Lady Nyassa* and *The Pioneer* were taken in tow by H.M.S. *Orestes* and *Ariel* at the mouth of the Zambezi, and towed to Mozambique. As the latter ship belonged to the Government, it was delivered over to the Navy, and was taken to the Cape; she carried with her the remainder of the mission staff, also Mr. Waller, who had stood by Livingstone throughout.

The *Lady Nyassa*, being patched up, was then steamed

over to Zanzibar, for Livingstone had conceived one of the most daring of ideas. He determined to go in her to Bombay. He was warned to beware of the break in the monsoon, but nothing daunted him.

On 30 April, 1864, he left with three Europeans—stoker, sailor, and carpenter—and seven natives, who proved capital sailors, though none of them had even seen the sea before. There were two boys, one of whom was Chuma, his faithful friend, who was with him at the last. Livingstone was heavy of heart. He had always expected that the Government would repay him part of the money he had spent on this little ship, and he had told Dr. Stewart that if this were done, and if he would come out again from Scotland, he would pay his expenses out, and allow him £150 a year while he worked on the shores of Lake Nyasa. But, in the recall of the expedition, no mention was made of any allowance for the ship, and thus Livingstone was reduced to poverty again. His expedition had failed in that one object on which he had set his heart, the placing of a steamer on Lake Nyasa, and he had seen the complete collapse of the Universities Mission, the deaths of many of his friends, and, above all, of his dear wife. The future was dark before him.

Livingstone's idea in going to Bombay was to sell the ship there, so that he would get some funds with which to return to England; he had a horror of selling her to the Portuguese lest she should be employed as a slaver.

He had hoped to reach Bombay in eighteen days, but actually took forty-five. At first they had a dead calm and much illness among the whites.

On 28 May a furious gale struck them; the sails were torn, and the tiny ship rolled as though she would turn turtle. Even when this passed they got along very slowly. On 10 June another squall came down upon

them, and by this time there was serious anxiety about shortage of food. They at last sighted land far down the coast, but were still 115 miles distant from Bombay. After this, a succession of squalls followed, interspersed with calms, during which they could make no headway, and when they were at last somewhere near Bombay it was so hazy that nothing could be seen, but Livingstone pushed on, and steered right into the harbour—a marvellous feat for one who had only learnt to take observations on land, and as a side-issue. No one noticed the tiny ship glide in. But as soon as it was known who had brought her, he had no cause for complaint. The Governor, Sir Bartle Frere, whose name was in the future to be so definitely associated with Africa, showed him every courtesy, and he was treated as an honoured guest.

Though small in comparison with the gigantic areas of the countries around it, Nyasaland holds its own. It was the first British Protectorate in East Africa, formed in 1889. Its only railway, the Shiré Highlands line, runs from the Zambezi to Blantyre. Blantyre itself carries the memory of Livingstone in its name, for it was called after his birthplace in Scotland. This, with Livingstonia in the north of the province, stand in the foremost rank of the Scottish Mission stations. Where Bishop Mackenzie lost his life the seed was sown, and a rich harvest has been reaped. Of all the Protectorates, this is the one where the natives are the best educated and the most active in all sorts of work, from tobacco, tea and cotton growing, to work as mechanics in motor and telegraph work. Though Blantyre is the commercial capital, and has also the Courts, Zomba, forty miles north, is the Government headquarters. Blantyre is about 3,500 feet above the sea, and is healthy for Europeans. In the 1926 census, native

Christians numbered 115,000. Such is the splendid result of Livingstone's arduous journeys seventy years earlier. Peace and security reign together instead of constant warring and the terrors of the slave-trade. His foresight has been abundantly justified by results.

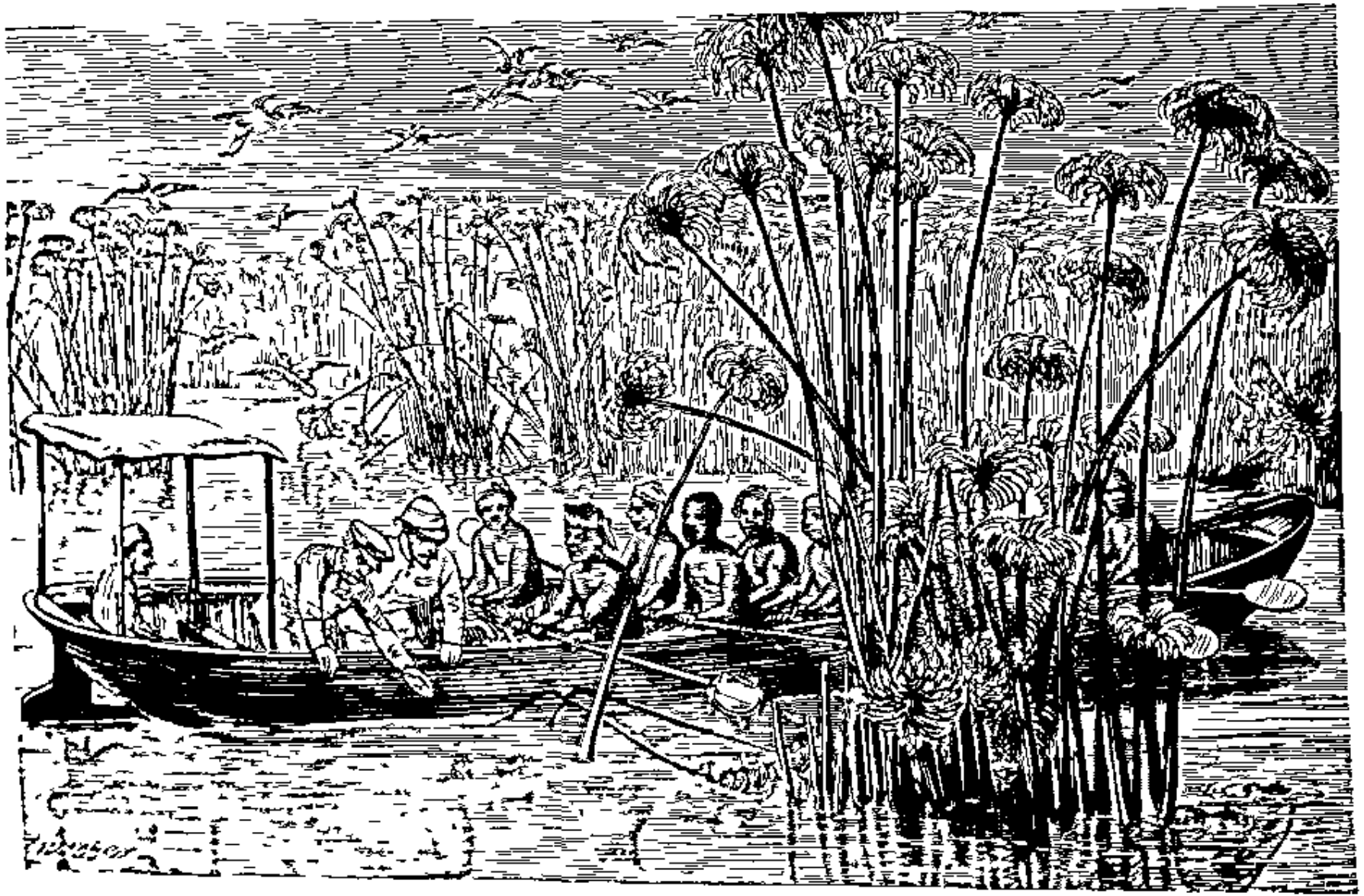
CHAPTER XI

WANDERINGS WESTWARD

It is one of those ironical touches in which life abounds that David Livingstone, who had done and was doing more for the world than any other living man of his time, had to borrow his passage-money to get home from Bombay. He had not sold the *Lady Nyassa*, and left her there.

Yet when he reached London he was well received; Lord Russell was cold certainly, "as all the Russells are," but Lord Palmerston was kind, and Sir Roderick Murchison enthusiastic. Livingstone met a great many people, and was dined and fêted, so that he had to buy a dress-suit. Dukes and duchesses, earls and countesses, met him on equal terms, and spoke of his travels politely and with consideration.

He very soon travelled to Scotland, where his own Mother did not recognize him, and he saw for the first time his youngest child, Anna Mary, then nearly six. The other children, Agnes, Oswell and Thomas, remembered him. Agnes, indeed, was a young woman, close on twenty, and became the inseparable companion of her Father. His son Robert was in the American Federal army, where he was shortly afterwards wounded, and died in hospital.



Livingstone was a guest of the Duke of Argyll; he visited the Western Islands, and was present at the funeral of Captain Speke, for whom he had a great admiration, and whose exploration work lay north of his own sphere in Africa.

It was necessary that he should have some quiet time for the preparation of his second book, and this was found at Newstead Abbey as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Webb, who kindly insisted that he and Agnes should stay as long as they liked. Though Newstead Abbey is chiefly known to the public from its association with Byron, it also has its "Livingstone Room," in the Sussex tower, which, to many people, is the more attractive association. Dr. Livingstone stayed at the Abbey for eight months, writing the book, which is filled with lore of all kinds, a mine for future digging. It was published in the autumn of 1865, and called *The Zambesi and its Tributaries.*

In January, 1865, Sir Roderick Murchison had offered Livingstone a position as "geographical explorer," franked by the Royal Geographical Society, but he answered that he could not give up the idea of working against the slave-trade, and speaking to the people as a missionary, which must be his main objects. "I would not consent to go simply as a geographer, but as a missionary, and do geography by the way."

The Foreign Office meantime made him a grandiloquent proposal that he should be given authority over the chiefs from the Portuguese boundary to Abyssinia and Egypt—the office to carry no salary and no pension!

When at length he did go out again, in August, 1865, just after the book was published, he went supported by both the Government and the Royal Geographical Society, "to make an attempt to open up Africa to civilizing influences." A private friend gave him a

thousand pounds for this object, though the two other powers only produced £500 each. He was endowed with the honorary position of Consul at large.

Leaving Agnes in Paris for further education, he travelled by Egypt and Suez, seeing the Canal, then in the process of being made, though it was not opened until four years later. In Bombay nearly a thousand pounds was subscribed for his work, and he sold the *Lady Nyassa* for £2,300, rather less than half of what she had cost. Unfortunately he invested this in an Indian bank, which failed a year or two later, so all the money he had put into the boat was lost.

After this he crossed to Zanzibar in the steamer *Thule*, which he presented to the Sultan as a present from the Governor of Bombay. He collected all his equipment here, and finally started for the Rovuma on 19 March, 1866.

He had with him a larger party than ever before—thirteen Sepoys, who caused him endless trouble; ten men from Johanna on the Zambezi; nine Nassick boys; two Shupanga men; two others and Chuma. He had also six camels, as he was most anxious to test the effect of tsetse on these beasts; three buffaloes and a calf; two mules and four donkeys. He had a dhow for landing, which proved quite useless. The whole outfit was taken across to the mouth of the Rovuma by H.M.S. *Penguin*.

But disaster dogged them from the first. The Sepoys were lazy, dirty in their habits, insubordinate even to their own Havildar. One after another the animals died.

Everywhere Livingstone went he preached against slavery. He saw terrible sights; wretched women tied by the neck to trees and left to perish, men brained while helpless with the slave-stick still on their necks.

These were the unhappy wretches who could go no farther, and were killed to be a warning to other "malingerers." Livingstone argued with the chiefs and people, that they, who were not free from the vice of entrapping their own people into slavery for the rewards of the dealers, were personally responsible for these murders, and this idea, a new one to them, had some effect on them.

By 8 August, 1866, the expedition reached Lake Nyasa, after crossing splendid highlands, which would form, Livingstone thought, a fine base for a missionary settlement. It had taken him a whole year from the time he left England to get to this place.

The expedition dropped from the high watershed lying forty miles to the east of Lake Nyasa and continued along the shore, and round the south end by the small lake Pamalombe.

Meantime, in order to avoid the fighting going on northward by the west side of the lake, between the Arabs and a native chief called Tsamba, he struck out westwards, rising higher and higher. He went over the range of the Kirk Mountains, which had been so named by him after his earlier journey, at a height of 400 feet or so. He was now considerably to the south of his previous western expedition with the steward.

Musa's fears of the unknown tribes made him desert, and to justify himself he spread the tale that Livingstone had met his death at the hands of the Mazitu. This was given so circumstantially that it was believed, and travelling, as such tales do, reached the coast, and finally was conveyed to England. A search expedition was fitted out, starting in May the following year. This was sent under the leadership of Mr. E. D. Young, who came up the Shiré, and actually managed to get a boat carried past the Murchison Cataracts in sections. He

reached the south end of Lake Nyasa, but by that time Livingstone was far away to the west, and learning on indisputable evidence that he was alive and well, he did not attempt to follow him farther, but went home again and wrote a book about his own adventures.

Trending north-west, the Livingstone expedition crossed the Loangwa. This was a gloomy time. The leader had been ill again; the terror of the Mazitu was on all the people, including his own followers; they could get no food at any price, and when they reached the river in soaking rain they had to walk through slush, and were drenched by the heavy water falling from the trees.

The Loangwa here was something under a hundred yards wide, and they had no guide.

In his journeyings to the river he must have passed over the site where Fort Jameson now stands, a prosperous and flourishing town in the heart of the tobacco plantations.

Parallel with the river at some distance westward is the great railway line of the so-called "Cape to Cairo" route, with station for Broken Hill mine.

It is amazing to realize this solitary man, the pioneer, breaking ground here in 1866, and then to read in 1928, only about sixty years later:

"The flight across Africa, which has now become an annual exercise in the normal training of the R.A.F., will begin on 1 March, when four R.A.F. Fairy Napier III. F biplanes will set out from Cairo to the Cape and back. They will travel in formation and to a given time-table."*.

Livingstone's heart was set on finding Lake Moero, which he imagined might be the source of the Nile, not knowing it lay far to the north. Continual hunger, constant wetting, and the crossing of many large rivers,

* *Daily Express.*

had reduced him to poor condition, and on the top of this came a disaster of the first magnitude. Two of the carriers were loaded with the medicine chest, and before they reached the Chambezi river, flowing into Lake Bangweolo, these men were completely lost in the forest. Heavy rain wiped out their footprints, so they could not be traced.

"I felt," said Livingstone, "as if I had received sentence of death." His old troubles had re-awakened; he had for long suffered from a bowel ailment, and this increased, sapping his strength; his throat was a constant difficulty, and his feet were almost always painful. The men who ran away were Waiyau, a minor tribe of the Manganja. It is pathetic to read his remarks on the amount of space his attempts to get food occupy in his journal, he explains it as "not appetite, but real biting hunger with faintness."

The expedition crossed the Chambezi on 28 January 1867, having now given up all hope of finding the missing carriers, who had probably flung away their loads into the jungle, and were afraid to reappear without them. The priceless quinine and other remedies lay rotting.

They got across the river in hired canoes, and afterwards waded through two miles of flooded flats.

They had now given up the idea of Moero and were making for Lake Tanganyika.

He felt often weak and giddy.

"I have been ill with fever ever since we left Moamba's; every step I take jars in the chest, and I am very weak; I can scarcely keep up the march, though formerly I was always first; I have a constant singing in my ears, and can scarcely hear the loud tick of the chronometers."

There was hardly ever twenty-four hours without rain. They found it "impossible to count the streams flowing N.W."

On 28 March they came to Momba's village below the ridge, from the top of which they might expect to see the lake. He felt almost too ill to go over, but at last managed it, and was rewarded by the sight of the sheet of blue water.

What he saw really was the southern end of Lake Tanganyika, which he thus discovered on 1 April, 1867, but as the southern reach is shut in by high cliffs, which narrow to a neck, he supposed it was a separate lake, called Lake Liemba. He could get no accurate information about it, some said one thing and some another.

The beauty of the scene was striking, these perpendicular cliffs, a bright red, were set off by the brilliant green of the trees, and here and there cascades poured over them, "buffaloes, elephants, and antelopes wander and graze on the more level spots, while lions roar by night. Huge crocodiles may be observed making their way to their feeding grounds; hippopotami snort by night and in the early morning."

He was so ill here that he could not stand, and the "boys" closed the entrance to the tent with a blanket, so that observers should not note their master's weakness.

CHAPTER XII

LAKE BANGWEOLO AND THE INTERIOR

When Livingstone was a little better he wanted to go up the west side of the Lake Tanganyika, but was told there was so much disturbance there he would certainly be killed. Hamees, a friendly Arab to whom he had

shown a letter of recommendation from the Sultan of Zanzibar, suggested he should go up the east side to Ujiji, afterwards to become known as the place where Stanley eventually met him. But he refused, because he was set on the discovery of the watershed between the Nile and the Congo. The discoveries of Speke and Grant to the north had traced the Nile to its head, but he was a little sceptical of their conclusions, and as there was a stretch of wholly unknown country between him and the part they had traversed, he decided to explore it, going first to the west to Lake Moero, where he believed he might find the true source of the Nile. However, a chief called Nsama had defied the Arabs, and after having been routed by them he had fled westward, and established himself in a new stockade just in the direction Livingstone wished to go. His defeat had caused great uneasiness among the tribes, as he was considered the Napoleon of these parts, and his downfall before only twenty Arab guns had caused consternation. Only Casembe, much farther west, could, it was said, now hold out against the Arabs.

Livingstone was out to destroy the slave traffic by which the traders subsisted, but was on friendly terms with them. It was futile to attempt to release one or two out of thousands. He was working for greater ends.

He was delayed for long by the south end of the lake, but through Hamees, at last, he got a safe-conduct past the suspicious Nsama, who was a stout old man with a good head and face, and belonged to the Babemba family.

It was 8 November that Livingstone at last reached Lake Moero, the shores of which were thickly populated by fishermen, and those who were engaged in extracting the salt which was found in quantities and formed an article of commerce.

The thing which interested him most—as a true explorer—was the fact that this was but one of a chain of lakes, linked by mighty rivers, and that the next was Bangweolo or Bemba to the south. He was eager to get on to Bangweolo. Meantime he passed along the north side of Moero, until he came to the Lualaba river, which flows out of it.

He could not give up the idea of seeing Lake Bangweolo, which lay to the south amid impassable mud-swamps. He was ill, had no medicine, had been alone wandering for two years without any letters from home, which he knew would be awaiting him at Ujiji, and yet the call to go forward was so insistent in him that go he must while any place yet awaited his investigation. Moreover, he was told there were floods out between him and Tanganyika, and so there must be delay in returning in any case, so he filled in the time with penetrating farther south, being proof against Mohamed's repeated warnings, and even against the desertion of most of his own men, who were, very naturally, sick of this wandering about and short commons, and afraid of the Mazitu, who were active in the south.

On 18 July, 1868, he discovered Lake Bangweolo or Bemba. This is one of the largest lakes of Central Africa; it is about 150 miles long and 80 broad. Many rivers run into it, chief of which is the Chambezi. It is notable for the mass of morass or mud ooze which surrounds it, particularly on the south side, over which it spreads in the rainy season. These terrible "sponges" of slime, which Livingstone describes, eventually brought about his death.

The vast surface of Bangweolo is so broad that Livingstone's men imagined it exceeded Tanganyika, which, seen from the south end, is hemmed in by cliffs.



"DR. LIVINGSTONE, I PRESUME!" *Page 17*

There were several islands on the lake, and Livingstone was anxious to visit them, but found he must pay heavily for canoes. He had little left to bargain with; indeed, considering the exactions of the chiefs, it is wonderful he had anything left at all. He at last succeeded in hiring canoes for four days, and the boatman cheated him of two by pretending to be afraid to go farther out, because rival tribes might steal the canoes left behind.

Yet in all this the playful humour which characterized him never left him.

He had all too short a time at Bangweolo, and resolved to come back, as indeed he did, never to leave it alive again. As he wended back to Casembe's to prepare for the journey to Tanganyika with Mohamed Bin Salih, worn as he was, he prepared some geographical papers of strength and variety, telling a number of valuable facts about the complicated river system, the nature of the mud sponges, the ranges of mountains, and the people of this part.

He got mixed up in fighting when the Mazitu attacked Casembe, and he, joined by Chikumbi, was putting up a desperate defence. At one time the Doctor was surrounded by a party of furious Imbozhwa.

"A crowd stood within fifteen or twenty yards with spears poised and arrows set in the bow-strings, and some took aim at me—but one good soul helped us away, a blessing be on him and his."

The whole country was in an uproar, and killing was the first order of the day.

His runaway men, the deserters, returned to him, and at last, tired of waiting, he determined to risk everything and to set off for Lake Tanganyika.

It was not until 11 December that he really got off

with a mixed party of Arabs, a gang of hangers-on, and strings of wretched slaves.

He was so ill with pneumonia that he had to be carried the last stages before Lake Tanganyika was reached. Mohamed Bogharib was very good to him, but it was depressing to the brave soul of the man who had stridden across Africa unaided to have to be carried. His cough was very distressing, every limb ached, and over the rough ground the jolting caused him agony.

They touched the lake about one-third of the way up on the western side, and found there the canoes of another Arab, Syde, which were lying at the mouth of the River Lofuka. Livingstone had met Syde before, and now sent an urgent message to ask him for conveyance over to Ujiji. After the usual delays, canoes were forthcoming, but the first part of the journey, accomplished by the slow paddling of the men, who went up the west side to Katanga, took nine days. At Katanga there are many islands, and here they had to wait until a favourable opportunity occurred for crossing, as the men were afraid of the rough winds in the open lake. It was not until 14 March they reached Ujiji.

Here a terrible disappointment awaited Livingstone. The stores which he had ordered from Zanzibar had indeed come, but had been plundered, so that less than a third was left, the rest having been carried off by an Arab whom he could not reach. He got some letters, but they were three years old. This was one of the bitterest disappointments he had ever had.

Among the things left to him out of his stores was some flannel and tea and coffee. With the flannel next to his skin, and the stimulation of the tea and coffee, he gradually got better, though the pneumonia had left him very weak.

CHAPTER XIII

"DR. LIVINGSTONE, I PRESUME?"

No sooner was Dr. Livingstone able to get about than the ruling passion had him in its grip. He determined to recross the lake, and go north-west to the Mayuema country, which, so far as he knew, was utterly unknown to Europeans. He was still uncertain as to the dividing line between the basins of the Nile and the Congo, and until he had settled this to his own satisfaction would never know peace. This part of his exploration was all in what is now Belgian Congo, which runs on the west side of Lake Tanganyika for almost its full length.

Mohamed Bogharib agreed to go with him, and met him at Kasanga on the west side of the lake. They started from here 15 July, 1869. Livingstone was still very weak, and felt the marches severely, the least rise in the ground made him pant unbearably; but he pushed on doggedly.

At Bambarré Livingstone was within reach of the great River Lualaba, and after a while he set out to make his way to this. He passed through some of the Mayuema villages on the way, finding them clean and well-built, with a public meeting-house, usually, at the end of the main street. Then he, still accompanied by Mohamed, who was in search of trade openings on his own account, negotiated a "dense dripping forest." But the country they found "surprisingly beautiful," with many palm trees, strange birds, and heaps of monkeys.

The treatment they met with in the villages varied according to the temper of the headman, but no one

could understand why they had come at all. The cruelties and exactions of the Portuguese party had left a bad "wake" behind, and this had to be faced.

Christmas Day found them still marching westward, and Livingstone writes :

"I must try with all my might to finish my exploration before next Christmas."

After enduring many wettings, and crossing many swamps, Livingstone imagined he was drawing near to the goal, but he had been misinformed and was wandering too far north. At last he had only three attendants left, as the others had fallen away. The men who stayed by him in this extremity were those who were still with him at his death, and proved themselves faithful to him even after death—Chuma, Susi, and Gardiner (African).

By 22 July, 1870, he had to give up.

"For the first time in my life my feet failed me, and now, having but three attendants, it would have been unwise to go further in that direction. Instead of healing quietly as heretofore when torn by hard travel, irritable eating ulcers fastened on both feet, and I limped back to Bambarré on the 22nd."

This ulceraic complaint carries off more people of the country even than small-pox, and there is no known cure. It was only after eighty days' illness that they began to heal.

During this long detention in Bambarré he was not idle, for he made many notes on the Mayuema and their habits.

He read the whole Bible through four times whilst he was detained here. He was quite out of paper, and wrote his notes in very small characters on the leaf of his cheque book, or boldly, across the print of an old



newspaper which had been used as a wrapping. Most of his teeth had gone, and some of the rest were so shaky he had to pull them out himself.

In February, 1871, a party of men arrived bringing goods from the coast; from them he received some letters, among them one from Dr. Kirk, now Consul at Zanzibar. Also he heard of the expedition under Mr. E. D. Young which had been sent out in search of him, and it heartened him to know that such concern had been felt about him.

But, above all, there came the carriers for whom he had petitioned the Sultan of Zanzibar, to replace his own missing men. It was disappointing to find them a poor set, slaves and of a slavish type. Yet they were all that were available, and he had to use them.

As soon as possible he set forth again for the Lualaba by a new route, and by 29 March was at last standing on the shores of this mighty river at Nyangwé, where it was 300 yards wide. He could not get a canoe to cross it, and while he was still here, chaffering for the use of one, he was witness of a scene of frightful atrocity. Dugumbé's men, Hassani and Abed, were at odds with a chief, and set upon the village, of about 1,500 inhabitants, without warning one morning, firing into the mass of the crowd who were peacefully marketing, gossiping and washing. The wretched people made for their canoes, and tried to get away in every direction, and were slaughtered as they fled. Some were drowned, some wounded and carried away by the current, some fell in all postures in heaps on the banks. The river ran red with their blood. All Livingstone could do was to protect those actually near him. His impulse was to pistol the murderers, but Dugumbé, who had not himself taken part in the massacre, dissuaded him.

Livingstone's horror was beyond expression. "It gave me the impression of being in hell." It made a mark on his heart that perceptibly reduced his failing strength and hastened his death. When his report reached home it aroused a thrill of horror, and was one of the chief causes for the appointment of a Royal Commission to enquire into the slave-trade in Africa, and of Sir Bartle Frere's mission to bring it to an end.

Livingstone, now weighted with this frightful memory which could never be effaced, had to return over 600 miles, and all the way his constant bowel trouble, which had now developed, almost prostrated him; he suffered continually from internal hæmorrhage.

The whole Mayuema country was inflamed against the invaders, who suffered from it indiscriminatly, as the tribes did not always distinguish between one foreigner and another. A spear was one day flung at Livingstone and just grazed his neck; he went doggedly on, and once again escaped with his life by a miracle. He refused to join Dugumbé's party going eastward, and after a terrible journey reached Ujiji a living skeleton on 23 October. Here again a heartrending disappointment awaited him. The goods which he had ordered to replace the last had been consigned to Shereef, who, having made up his mind that Livingstone could not survive, and must be now dead, had sold them off for his own profit. The most irritating part of it was that he did not seem to think he was in any way to blame, and was quite surprised when the robbed owner refused to shake hands with him.

Livingstone was now at his lowest ebb; he could hardly hold up against accumulated blows, and it was at this crisis that one morning Susi came rushing breathlessly to him, calling out, "An Englishman!" It was Henry Stanley, who arrived with a large and

well-equipped convoy heralded by the Stars and Stripes!

Of all the historic meetings ever recorded, this one has perhaps gained most firmly hold of the public mind. Stanley, who had been summoned hastily from his correspondent duties to a great paper in Spain, had been *equipped and sent out as a great adventure*; he had travelled for months to find this man, and when he was face to face with the gaunt, shabby, toothless skeleton he had found, he could think of nothing to say, but in a banal society manner, hat in hand, exclaimed: "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?"

Laughter and tears mingle at the scene.

For Livingstone it was a reprieve from the death sentence. Henry Morton Stanley, as an American, had been sent out under the auspices of Mr. Bennett of the *New York Herald*; his mission had cost £4,000, and it started him off on a career of exploration in Africa in which his name ranks high. He brought with him the news that the British Government had voted £1,000 to Livingstone, and £300 for the maintenance of his daughter Agnes.

The traveller, so long fighting a lone hand against starvation, savagery, the forces of evil, and the terrors of the unknown, found himself suddenly understood, admired, provided with stores of every conceivable sort, and backed up to any extent.

It was on the shore of the lake under a mango tree that the two white men met face to face in 1871, and in 1925—

"Nothing has changed, except that the lake has receded 100 yards from the old mango tree, which was directly on the shore when Stanley and Livingstone conferred under its dense foliage.

"The tree was dying of bugs and neglect. Under it a scarred stone, tumbled on its side, bore the legend 'Livingstone-

Stanley, 1871.' The corner was broken off it, the edges chipped. It was foul with refuse. The stone rested tip-tilted, thrown down carelessly, as an unwarranted obstruction in the middle of a dusty native street.

"No fence around the tree or stone; no protection or care given to either. Yet there is an English Government House in Ujiji."*

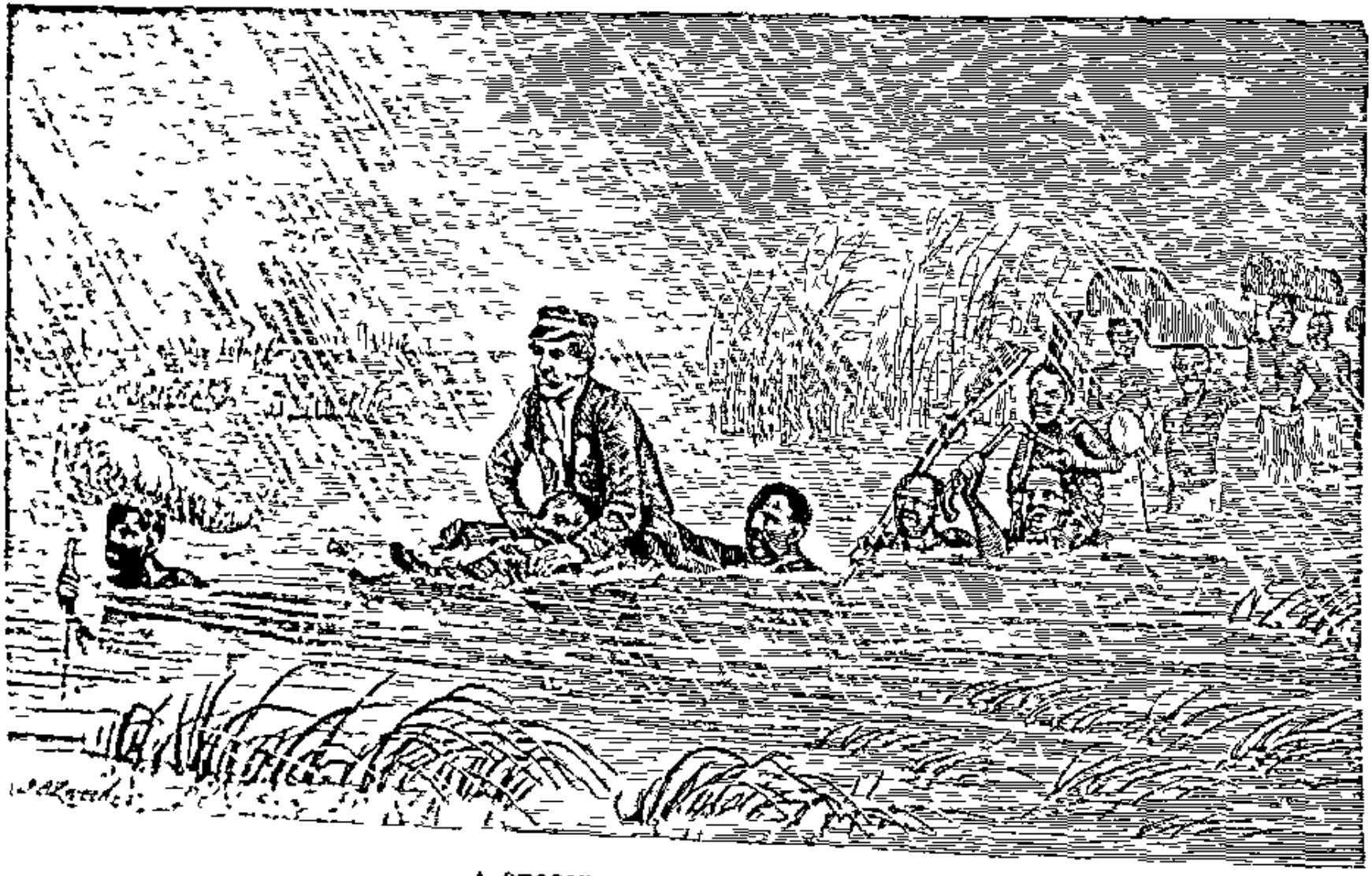
Stanley brought letters and goods from England which filled the vacuum in Livingstone's soul. He heard from his daughter, and Dr. Kirk, and those he most cared for. Agnes sent him four flannel shirts, "simply invaluable," and Dr. Kirk two pairs of boots.

While Stanley made his headquarters at Ujiji the two men together went a short expedition to the head of the lake, reaching the point where Speke turned, and thus they linked up the British exploration of the interior on this side of the continent. After returning to Ujiji Stanley went with Livingstone to Unanyembe to try to recover his goods. They retrieved something, though by far the greater part had been hopelessly scattered, but that was of less consequence now that there was abundance of everything necessary in the American caravan. Stanley at first supposed that, as he had achieved his object, Livingstone would come home with him, but he soon found that the Doctor had other views.

"My judgment said," he writes, "all your friends will wish you to make a complete work of the exploration of the sources of the Nile before you retire."

He was still harping on the sources of the Nile, about which he was not satisfied, and he had not even yet realized that his own exploration work lay far from these.

* Article, "Cape to Cairo Overland," by Felix S. Shay, *Am. Geog. Mag.*, February, 1925.



A STORMY CROSSING. *Page 81*

From "The Last Journals of David Livingstone" (John Murray)

So in the end Stanley left him, and returned to the coast, promising to send up an efficient set of carriers to replace the Banyan slaves, who had proved so weak to depend on.

This meant months of waiting at Ujiji for Livingstone, but, with the good food he now had, it gave him time to recover his strength. He studied the tribesmen, and made many valuable notes on them, and on the geology of the country where he was. He also read Sir Samuel Baker's book, *Mungo Park's Travels*, and Young's *Search after Livingstone*, which had been brought by Stanley.

His comment on Baker is significant.

"It would be comfortable to be positive like Baker, 'Every drop from the passing shower to the roaring mountain torrent must fall into Albert Lake.' How soothing to be positive!"

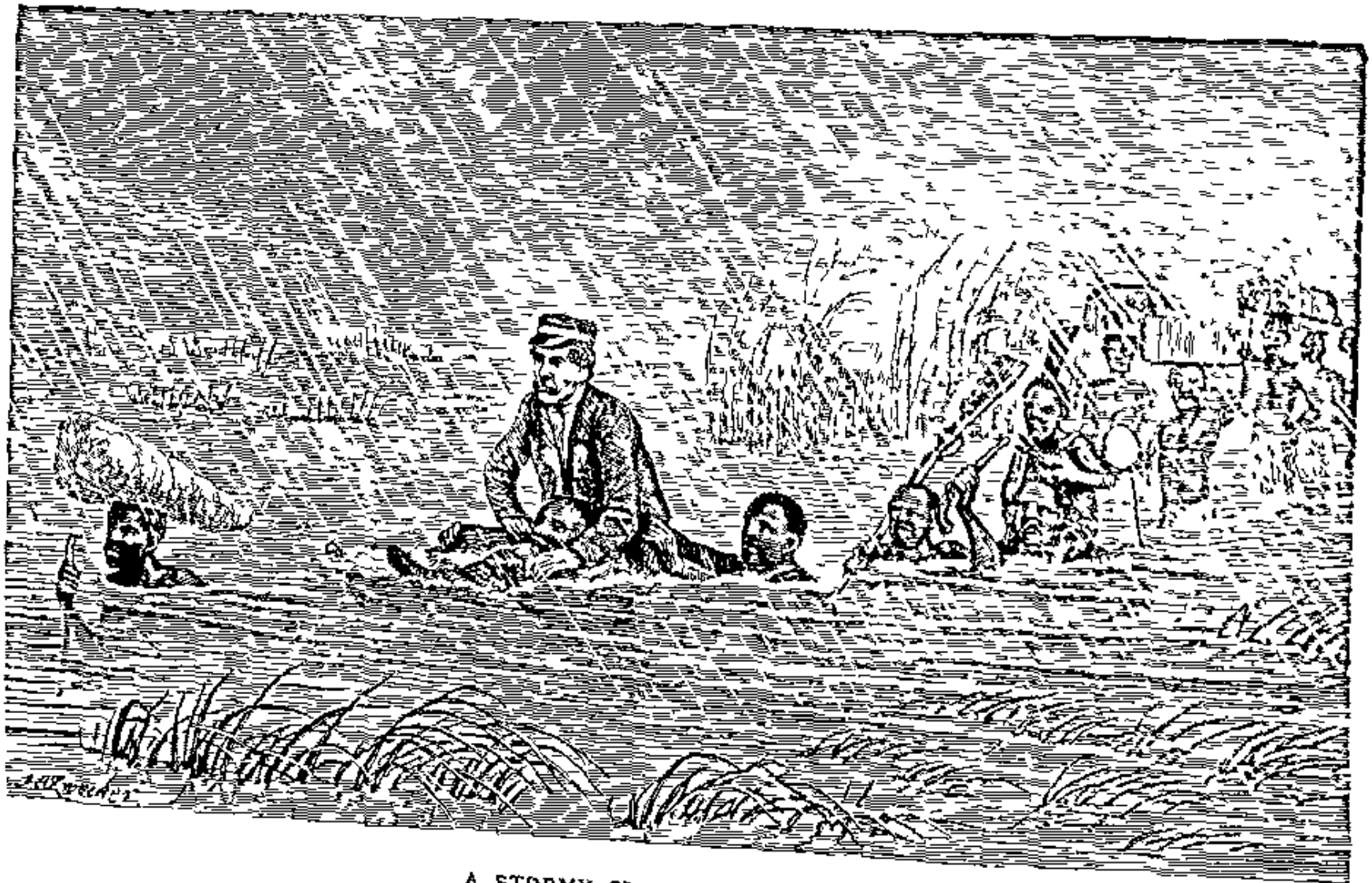
On 1 May, 1872, he writes in a letter:

"All I can add in my loneliness is, may Heaven's rich blessing come down on everyone, American, English, or Turk, who will help to heal the open sore of the world!"

Exactly a year later on this very day he died. And these words were selected to be inscribed on his tomb in Westminster Abbey.

The waiting was intensely weary. But he had learned to be patient. If it be true, as Ruskin says, "On the whole it is patience which makes the final difference between those who succeed or fail, in all things," then he indeed assured his success beforehand.

On the way to the coast Stanley met a second relief expedition sent out from England, including Oswell, Livingstone's son. They turned back on hearing from him that all was well. Oswell would have gone forward, but his health had been bad, and he was not equal to it.



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It was soon after this that Livingstone heard of Sir Roderick Murchison's death, which distressed him greatly, as Murchison had been a good friend to him.

The slave-trade depressed his soul; he twice repeats what the sailor said: "If the devil don't catch these fellows [the slave-traders] there ain't no use in having a devil at all."

It was the middle of August, 1872, before the men sent up from the coast by Stanley arrived. There were fifty-seven in all. But these men, useful though they proved, could never be to him as those faithful five who had stood by him so long—Susi, Chuma, and Amoda, who had joined him eight years before on the Zambezi, and two Nassick boys who had now been with him for six years; the last three had rejoined him in the Mayuema country. Many of the new men had English names; among them was Matthew Wellington, a freed slave, who was one of those who carried the master's body to the coast at the end.

CHAPTER XIV

THE LAST LONG JOURNEY

On August 25 the new expedition started to go down the east side and cross the south end of Lake Tanganyika, and thus make a way to Lake Bangweolo. They were well equipped, had cattle and donkeys and provisions—a great cavalcade. Two of the donkeys died of tsetse, and before the lake was reached the last of the cattle was dead and eaten.

The way was sorely trying, up mighty hills and into

thickly grown valleys; almost at once Livingstone was seriously ill, and ate nothing for eight days.

They finally got past the lake and struck out westward.

The rain came down terrifyingly, and the endless rivers and swamps to be crossed would have broken the heart of any other man after what he had already suffered, but his followers were staunch. They carried him over on their shoulders.

"Susi had the first spell, then Farijala, then a tall, stout, Arab-looking man, then Amoda, then Chanda, then Wade Salé, and each time I was lifted off bodily, and put on another pair of stout, willing shoulders."

The river was 300 yards broad, and at its worst came up to Susi's mouth. The rain poured down in cataracts all the time.

They got entangled among the marshes around Bangweolo, and had to return on their tracks to Chitunkubwe, who was a "fine, jolly-looking man, very sensible and friendly."

Here they experienced the usual delay, but got guides for payment. Livingstone suffered from internal hæmorrhage very badly, but he always makes light of it in his journals.

He was on the west side of the lake, and had not yet crossed the great River Chambezi, which flows into it here. About the middle of March they crossed the Chambezi in canoes; it is about 400 yards wide. Thus they passed from the territory of Matipa, who had been obstructive and insincere, to that of Kabinga. There were many other rivers to negotiate, and it rained profusely the whole time.

"I am pale, bloodless, and weak from bleeding ever since March last. Oh, how I long to be permitted by the Over Power to finish my work!"

Livingstone could not even ride the remaining donkey, but fell off from exhaustion when he mounted, At length he had to give up staggering along, and allow himself to be carried in a kind of litter.

There is something desperately pathetic in the account of these last days. The native boys knew that the end could not be far off, for sometimes he was in a state of coma, so that he did not even hear what was said to him ; at other times he fainted from weakness.

Still they steadily trended along the south side of the lake. He seems now to have had an obsession that near the great river (Luapula) which ran into Bangweolo he should find the "fountains" which were the source alike of the Nile and the Congo. As a matter of fact, he had been working all the time among the head-waters of the Congo, and of this he was at times aware, but as he grew weaker his obsession about the Nile grew stronger.

The diary from 21 April onward contains nothing but the bare dates ; the details have been filled in from the clear memories of the most intelligent and devoted among the Africans who were with him.

They marched on through the flooded plain, carrying him in his improvised litter. But even thus he was so weak that one hour or an hour and a half a day, was the utmost he could endure.

He was anxious to get to Chitambé's village, Illala, and after crossing the River Lulimala, close by it, in a canoe, they actually did get there on 30 April. The village was almost empty, as the people were out in the fields guarding their crops. Chitambé came to pay a visit when he heard of the white man's arrival, but Livingstone was too weak to see him, and put him off till the morrow. The "boys" had built him a little house.

At 11 that night Livingstone, who had been lying in a sort of stupor, asked for Susi, who came at once, and they had a little conversation.

Then he dozed off again. Once again, an hour later, Susi was summoned, and according to orders brought in a kettle of boiling water and put a little calomel into a cup. Then Livingstone said: "All right, you can go out now." These were his last words.

Some hours later Majwara came to Susi, saying he was troubled, for the Doctor was kneeling by his bed, and had been there so long immovable he feared he was dead.

Indeed it was so. By some effort of the will the great man had dragged himself off his couch and knelt, leaning over his pallet bed with his face in his hands, in the attitude of prayer. Life had left him, the vital spark had gone out.

The difficulties of their position had been fully apparent to the boys before this. Not only were they left without authority, over a thousand miles from the coast or any British help, but they had a dead body, which, to African minds, is a symbol of all sorts of unquiet things; it may bring disaster on a village, and is the subject of superstitious dread. Yet these men, Africans themselves, had but one thought—they must preserve the precious body, carry it to where Livingstone's own countrymen could see to it that it was properly dealt with; and meantime they must guard the stores he had left behind.

Now that their duty and obligation might have been said to have ended; they might well have simply plundered the goods, which to them represented immense wealth, and scattered far and wide. No one could have greatly blamed them had they done so. But to them the world owes an unending debt of gratitude.

Without their noble efforts we should never have known how Livingstone met his death, how he spent his last days, never have wound up the end of that magnificent epic full of stimulus to hundreds of boys and men.

His journals for the last few months would never have seen the light, and his end would have been buried in obscurity.

Fortunately Chitambé proved wide-minded and helpful. He did nothing to hinder their arrangements, and, marvellous to say, he did not plunder them. They set about building a sort of little camp outside the village, and there they took the body, to prepare it for the long journey they determined to make.

The means they had were very few. There was a quantity of salt fortunately, as this was found around Lake Moero, not so far north. This they bought from the man who owned it. In the new camp they fashioned a hut or palisade open to the sky above, and in this they placed the thin, worn body, having removed the heart and other organs, which they reverently buried. After using the salt they left the corpse exposed to the sun, but hidden from sight and from all danger of prowling beasts, for a fortnight. Then they wrapped the limbs in cotton cloths, and doubled back the knees, and, having cut a cylindrical strip of bark from a giant tree, they placed it within. They found it necessary to cover the whole of this ingenious case with tar.

Fortunately they had plenty of trade goods to pay for the salt, and to give Chitambé the present he doubtless expected for his complaisancy.

A man called Jacob Wainwright was the only one of the party who could write, so he carved an inscription on the mvula tree under which the body had rested, and where the heart was buried, and they impressed on

Chitambé the necessity for guarding the tree and the memorial for all time.

There is a touch of the ludicrous in the detail that they gave him a large tin biscuit box and some newspapers as a sort of certificate that a white man had visited his village.

Jacob Wainwright also made a quaint inventory of the master's gear; every scrap of his writing in the little well-worn pocket notebooks he had carried was carefully gathered up and bestowed in the tin-lined boxes where he had kept them secure from white ants and damp. No body of scientific men, acting under instructions from England, could have done better, or, indeed, so well as these men, who had learned profound lessons as to conduct from years of Livingstone's example.

When they started off for their long trek—1,500 miles—instead of going back the way they had come, they made a circuit of the west end of the lake, thus completing their master's journey, and in time they came to the Luapala, which he had so earnestly desired to reach.

Before they reached it they were stricken down by an illness causing intense pain in the limbs. It would have been natural if they had abandoned their task, superstitiously afraid that in carrying the body they were bringing these penalties on themselves, but this does not seem to have occurred to them. Two of their women, who had followed all the way, died of it, but after the delay of a month the rest were well enough to proceed. If they had not been held up it would have been a five days' march from the place where Livingstone died to the object of his great endeavour, the Luapuala River. It runs between Lake Bangweolo and Lake Moero, flowing out from the former by the north-west

corner, and the junction with the lake is over four miles wide.

The news of their terrible burden flew before the little cavalcade in the surprising way it does in jungle countries, and every village was aware of it, but the fact that they had guns and were able to shoot saved them, also the big game they were able to kill from time to time won them favour.

Before they left the northern shores of the lake they came to Chawende's village, where most of the people were drunk, and refused them admittance. They pushed their way into the stockade, and fought so well that they turned the original inhabitants out, sending them flying into the jungle, while they rested and lived on the village stores unharmed for a week.

After this they struck up north, and soon hit upon the trail down which they had previously come with Livingstone. Finally, they reached the south end of Lake Tanganyika, then, hearing that an English party was at Unanyembe, coming in search of Livingstone, they cut across the comparatively flat country west of the Lake diagonally, thus avoiding all the hills he had so painfully traversed along the margin.

Chuma went on ahead to communicate with this relief party as soon as possible. He was disappointed to find that Oswell Livingstone was not with it. Lieutenant Cameron, Dr. Dillon, and Lieutenant Murphy were the leaders, and they heard his news with the greatest astonishment and some incredulity. When the main cortège arrived they opened Livingstone's cases and took from them the instruments which the faithful Africans had carried so long untouched. These they used on their own expedition, which was not to end here. Livingstone had used them for seven years, and they would not only have been a treasure to



THE DEATH OF LIVINGSTONE.

From a drawing by Paul Hardy by permission of the Religious Tract Society

the nation, but would have enabled his own observations to have been accurately checked. This action was worse than ill-advised, it was inexcusable.

Lieutenant Murphy and Dr. Dillon accompanie the cortège on its journey to the coast, and the latte committed suicide, in high fever, on the wa But it was the men who had carried the body so f who ensured its safety at the end, for when they hear from a village lying between them and Bagamoio on tl coast that the people there were prepared to resist tl passage of the body through their territory, they clever contrived a ruse to outwit them. They undid the precious burden, put some stout sticks in the roll bark, and actually had the ingenuity to stick a bit paper in a forked stick to give the idea of a lett despatched with it. Then they told off six of the party to go back on their tracks with this roll a simulated message, giving out that they were taking t body back to Ujiji to be buried there after all. Wh they had gone a safe distance they were to throw away t wrappings and sticks, one by one, and well conceal and then, themselves leaping sideways off the track i the jungle so as to leave no traces, to return by night the main party. The rest meantime had reconstruc their package, making it still smaller, and doing it up semblance of a bale. This scheme answered perfec and the faithful and clever fellows had the satisfactior reaching the coast, where Captain Prideaux, the Act Consul from Zanzibar, met them.

Out of the whole party who had started with Livi stone in his last journey of exploration only half a do remained to the end. Of these Susi and Chuma w the leaders, chosen by the rest beside the lake at Ill and their names will ever be remembered by the Engl speaking peoples. There were also Amoda, and Abr

and Mabruki, who held on to the very end. In 1927 a paragraph appeared in the *Daily Express*, recording that Matthew Wellington, a freed slave, who was one of this little band, was then still living. He is at Freetown on land purchased by the C.M.S. for the purpose of housing and training rescued slaves.

In an interview with him, recorded by an East African paper, it is stated that when asked: "Did you all know that Livingstone was dying?" he answered, "Yes, we could tell that we should be left alone because he could not talk to us."

"Did you leave him the night he died?"

"Yes, because he asked Susi to light a candle and put it by his bed, as he wanted to read his Bible and be alone."

No higher testimony to the nobility of David Livingstone's character could be given than that his inspiration and example shone as an undying light in the souls of these humble men, who had been his daily companions for years. In hardship, in difficulty, in weakness, and in illness they were with him, and through all this they found interwoven that indomitable purpose to overcome obstacles and reach a given end, which led them to do likewise in their turn, against all the inherent laziness and fears of their race.

For nine months, from May, 1873, to February, 1874, their purpose had been unbroken, and their magnificent feat has earned the gratitude of the British people, best expressed in the light which has been shed on the dark Continent since, by the Missions, which have done, and are doing, so much for their brothers.

From Zanzibar to Aden the remains of the great pioneer were taken by the steamer *Calcutta*, and thence brought to England by the P. and O. liner *Malwa*, which arrived there on April 15. From Egypt they

had been accompanied by Thomas, Dr. Livingstone's eldest remaining son. The story of the great march was so difficult to believe that the body was critically examined by leading scientists in London, who found the state of the left shoulder, which had been fractured by the lion and grown together again, was sufficient evidence to prove identity. But for that, exact proof would have been difficult.

On 18 April, 1874, Livingstone was buried in the nave of Westminster Abbey, honoured by the greatest men of the nation. His pall-bearers included Henry M. Stanley, Dr. Kirk, Mr. Webb, under whose roof he had written his book, Mr. E. D. Young, who had gone out to search for him, Mr. Oswell, his friend, after whom he had named one of his sons, Rev. Horace Waller, a life-long friend, Sir T. Steele, who had been with him in one of his very earliest expeditions into the interior, and Jacob Wainwright, the only literate one of the party who marched from Illala.

Susi and Chuma came to England too, and were treated with the greatest kindness.

Among the sympathetic letters showered on Agnes Livingstone was the one from Florence Nightingale, who spoke of him as a latter-day John the Baptist.

Livingstone filled in a great part of the map of Africa. He travelled over about 29,000 miles, and added to the known part about a million square miles. He discovered five large lakes, and many huge rivers; he placed these discoveries accurately and with scientific knowledge. He laid out the conformation and geology of the districts he traversed, and recorded a vast mass of notes on the natural history of these regions. He brought into touch with civilization countless numbers of dark-skinned peoples.

Through his agency hundreds of thousands who

never knew him are at this day living in peace and security, cultivating their crops, and free from savage inroads. It is due to him more than to any other single man that slavery has been abolished from the whole continent of Africa.

His question: "Who will penetrate through Africa?" had been fully answered.

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